

ALL  
**NEW**  
COMICS



IRON MUIR



DOC SAVAGE



BILL BARNES



FRANK MERRIWELL

# Shadow COMICS

No 1 • 1940

**10**  
CENTS



**BIG  
PRIZE  
CONTEST**



## THE MOST POPULAR CHARACTER IN AMERICA

The Shadow is featured every month in THE SHADOW Magazine, he is heard every Sunday afternoon on a coast-to-coast radio network and is vated the most popular daytime show, Columbia Pictures have made a wonderful motion picture of his adventures and are now showing it at your neighborhood theater—all this is proof that The Shadow is America's favorite character.

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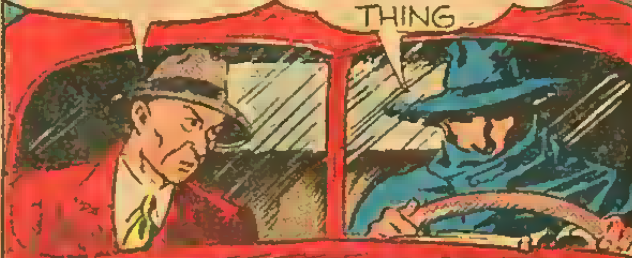


CORNERED BY THE SABOTAGE AGENT, THE SHADOW SUDDENLY OPENS FIRE THE AGENT IS WOUNDED.



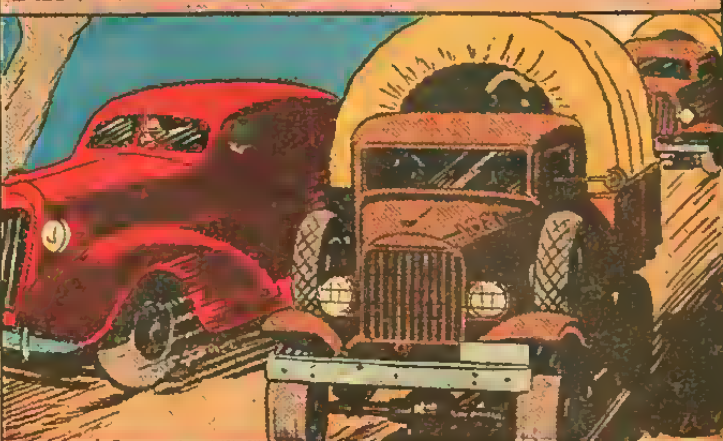


SO YOU SEE WE DO NOT KNOW EACH OTHER BY NAME - ONLY BY NUMBER. BUT YOU CAN IDENTIFY EACH MEMBER. THAT'S THE IMPORTANT THING



THE FOREIGN AGENT AGREES TO HELP THE SHADOW BREAK UP THE RING IF HE WILL BE PROTECTED. THEY SPEED TO THE SABOTAGE HEADQUARTERS

THE SHADOW AND HIS PRISONER PASS THE TRUCK LOADS OF SOLDIERS BEING RETURNED FROM DUKROW. ONLY A FEW HAVE BEEN LEFT BEHIND --- JUST IN CASE.



YES, GOVERNOR-- I KNOW. BUT MAYBE THE SHADOW IS WORKING ON OUR SIDE... WE'RE DOING EVERYTHING. ----WELL HOW CAN WE CATCH HIM IF WE DON'T SEE HIM?



VERY WELL PUT, COMMISSIONER. YOU CAN'T CATCH A SHADOW. NOW LISTEN CAREFULLY I AM ON YOUR SIDE. HAVE YOUR MEN SURROUND THE HOTEL TRITON. IN ONE HOUR I'LL DELIVER THE ENTIRE SABOTAGE RING TO YOU.



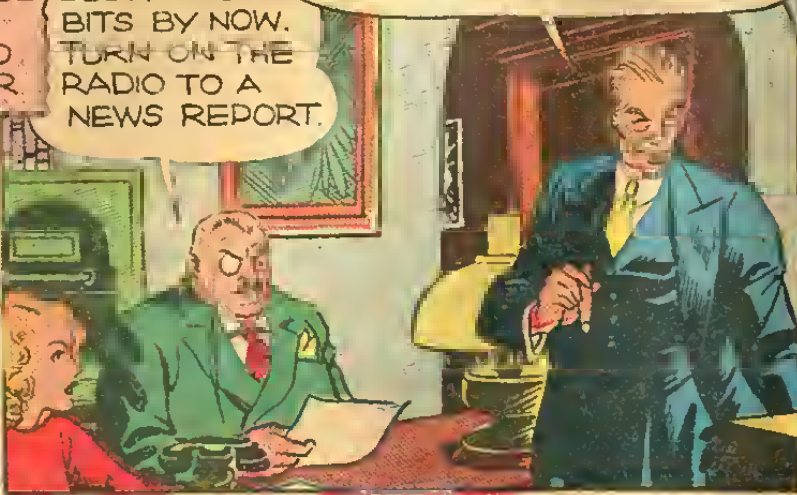
CAN THE SHADOW KEEP HIS PROMISE? WILL THESE AGENTS, TRAINED FOR EVERY EMERGENCY, FALL PREY TO THE SHADOW?

THE SHADOW QUICKLY ASCENDS THE FIRE ESCAPE HOPING TO SURPRISE THE SABOTAGE RING QUARTERED ON THE 7TH FLOOR.

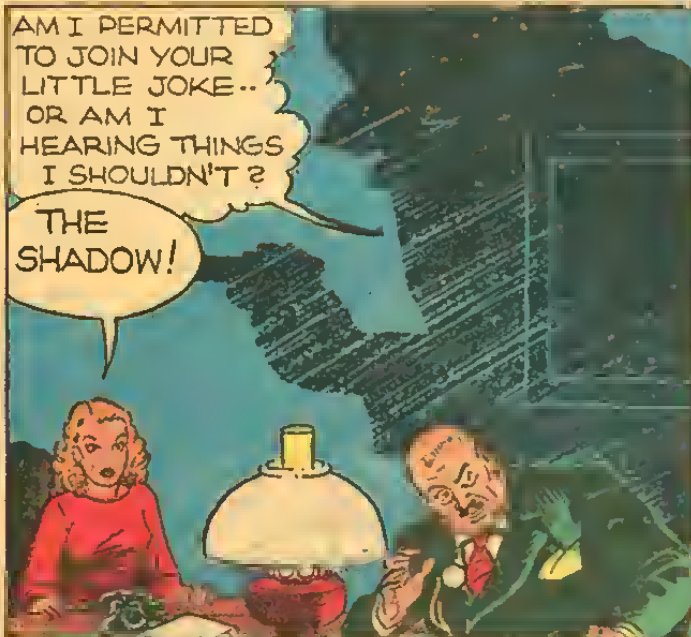


DUKROW MUNITIONS MUST BE BLOWN TO BITS BY NOW. TURN ON THE RADIO TO A NEWS REPORT.

IT MAKES ME LAUGH HOW SURPRISED THE SHADOW WILL BE WHEN HE LEARNS HE IS SUSPECTED OF BLOWING UP THE WORLD'S LARGEST MUNITIONS WORKS.







AM I PERMITTED  
TO JOIN YOUR  
LITTLE JOKE--  
OR AM I  
HEARING THINGS  
I SHOULDN'T?

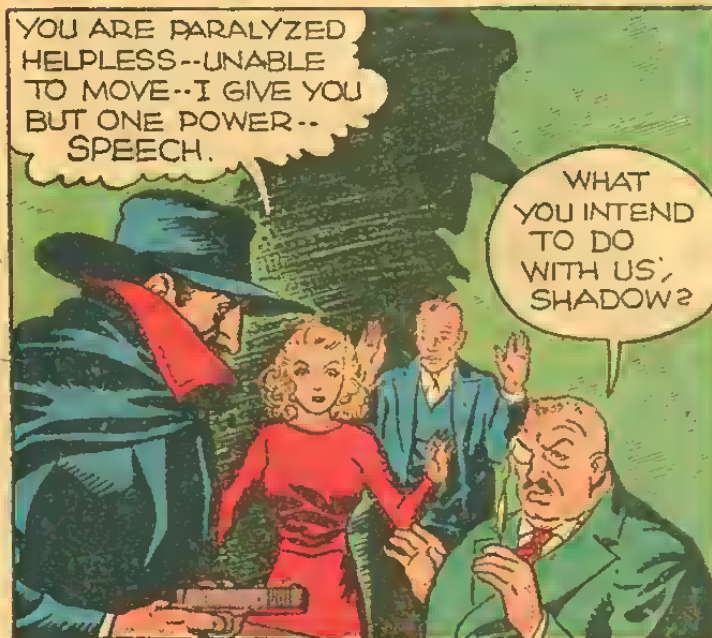
THE  
SHADOW!



YES--THE SHADOW,  
BUT DUKROW WAS NOT  
BLOWN UP--AND YOU--  
YOU SHALL SOON TASTE  
THE SHADOW'S REVENGE!

WE ARE  
TO DIE !!  
NO--  
NO-- I'LL  
GIVE YOU  
ANYTHING  
PLEASE --  
PLEASE ,

WHAT IS THE SHADOW'S REVENGE--DEATH?



YOU ARE PARALYZED  
HELPLESS--UNABLE  
TO MOVE--I GIVE YOU  
BUT ONE POWER--  
SPEECH.

WHAT  
YOU INTEND  
TO DO  
WITH US,  
SHADOW?



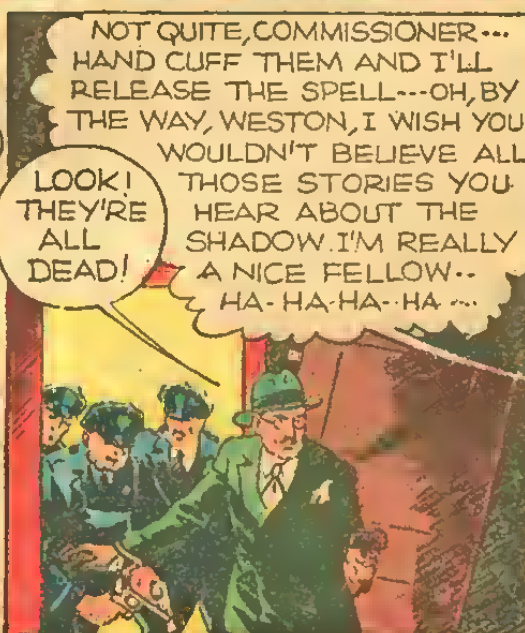
YOU NO DOUBT  
HAVE A  
PROPOSITION  
FOR ME,  
EH?

YES---ALL  
THE MONEY  
I HAVE. MY  
GOVERNMENT  
VILL GIVE YOU  
ANY SUM---  
NAME YOUR  
PRICE.



CURSE YOU, SHADOW!  
YOU HAVE DOUBLE-  
CROSSED ME!

EXACTLY.  
AND NOW THE  
COMMISSIONER  
SHALL COMPLETE  
THE SHADOW'S  
REVENGE.



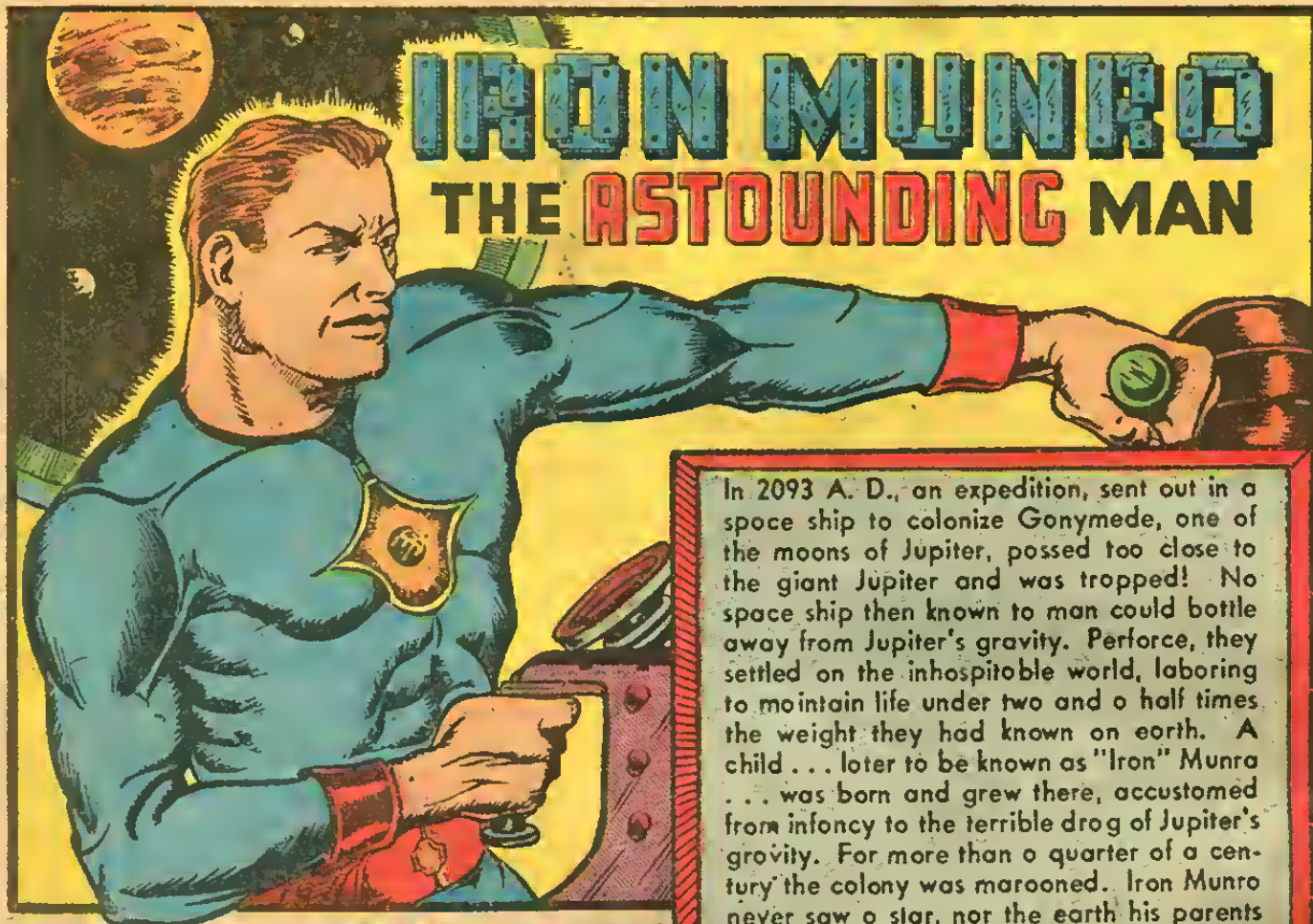
NOT QUITE, COMMISSIONER---  
HAND CUFF THEM AND I'LL  
RELEASE THE SPELL---OH, BY  
THE WAY, WESTON, I WISH YOU  
WOULDN'T BELIEVE ALL  
THOSE STORIES YOU  
HEAR ABOUT THE  
SHADOW. I'M REALLY  
A NICE FELLOW--  
HA-HA-HA-HA

LOOK!  
THEY'RE  
ALL  
DEAD!

THE SABOTAGE  
RING BROKEN--  
THE SHADOW  
RETURNS TO  
HIS NORMAL  
'ROLE---  
LAMONT  
CRANSTON,  
MAN ABOUT  
TOWN.

WATCH FOR  
NEXT MONTH'S  
THRILLING  
CHAPTER IN THE  
*Shadow*  
COMICS

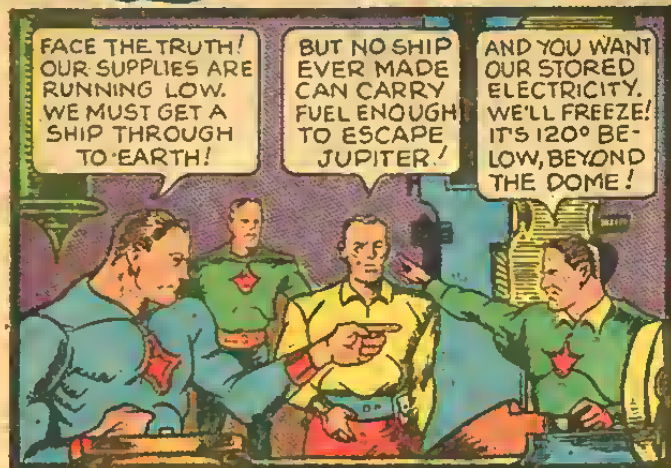




# IRON MUNRO

## THE ASTOUNDING MAN

In 2093 A. D., an expedition, sent out in a space ship to colonize Gonymede, one of the moons of Jupiter, passed too close to the giant Jupiter and was trapped! No space ship then known to man could bottle away from Jupiter's gravity. Perforce, they settled on the inhospitable world, laboring to maintain life under two and a half times the weight they had known on earth. A child . . . later to be known as "Iron" Munro . . . was born and grew there, accustomed from infancy to the terrible drag of Jupiter's gravity. For more than a quarter of a century the colony was marooned. Iron Munro never saw a star, nor the earth his parents had told him of. But he knew that some day he would see that mother world. . .

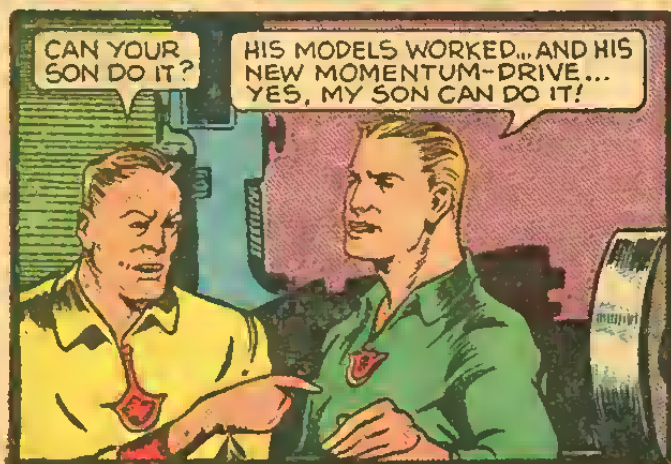


FACE THE TRUTH! OUR SUPPLIES ARE RUNNING LOW. WE MUST GET A SHIP THROUGH TO EARTH!

BUT NO SHIP EVER MADE CAN CARRY FUEL ENOUGH TO ESCAPE JUPITER!

AND YOU WANT OUR STORED ELECTRICITY. WE'LL FREEZE! IT'S 120° BELOW, BEYOND THE DOME!

I NEED THAT ELECTRICITY FOR BUILDING UP ANTI-GRAVITY, NOT FUEL. GIVE ME THE CHANCE. I'LL BRING BACK HELP FROM EARTH!



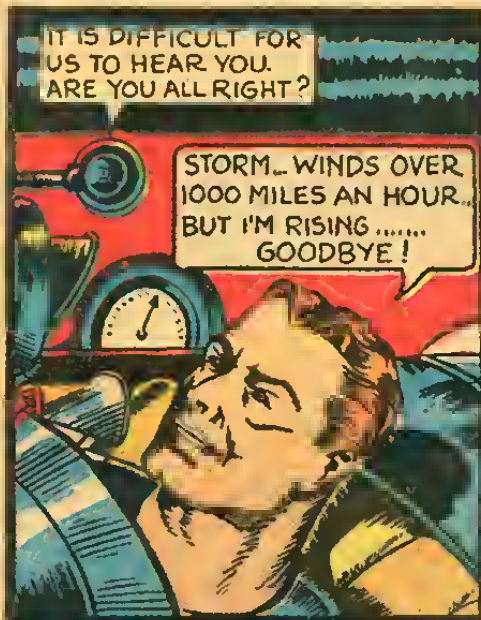
CAN YOUR SON DO IT?

HIS MODELS WORKED... AND HIS NEW MOMENTUM-DRIVE... YES, MY SON CAN DO IT!

RELUCTANTLY, THE COLONISTS AGREED, HALF FROZEN AS THEIR MEAGRE ELECTRICAL POWER, GENERATED BY THE HOWLING, CONSTANT WINDS OF JUPITER, IS DRAINED TO FILL THE POWER-COILS OF THE AGRAV. FINALLY THE TINY SHIP IS READY.....

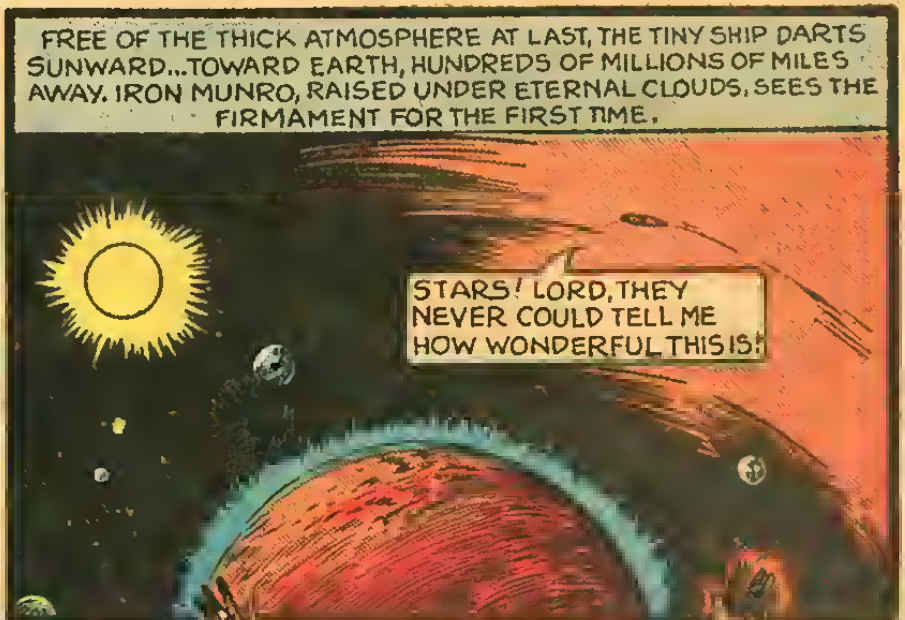






IT IS DIFFICULT FOR US TO HEAR YOU. ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

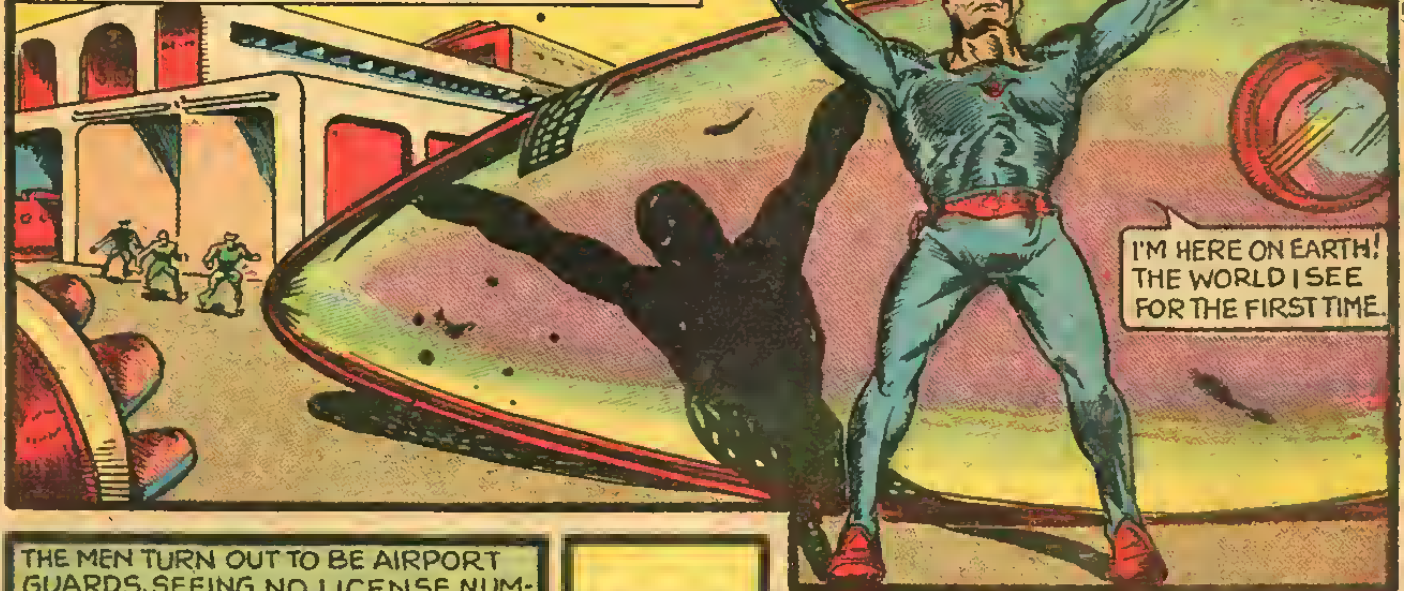
STORM... WINDS OVER 1000 MILES AN HOUR... BUT I'M RISING ..... GOODBYE!



FREE OF THE THICK ATMOSPHERE AT LAST, THE TINY SHIP DARTS SUNWARD...TOWARD EARTH, HUNDREDS OF MILLIONS OF MILES AWAY. IRON MUNRO, RAISED UNDER ETERNAL CLOUDS, SEES THE FIRMAMENT FOR THE FIRST TIME.

STARS! LORD, THEY NEVER COULD TELL ME HOW WONDERFUL THIS IS!

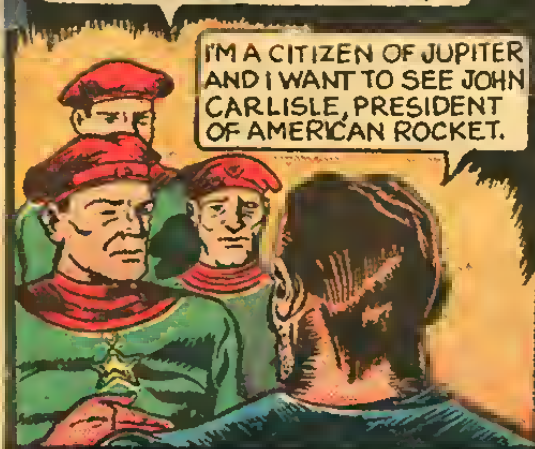
FINALLY, IRON MUNRO LANDS HIS SPACE SHIP ON AN EARTH FLYING FIELD. AS HE STANDS GAZING RAPTLY AROUND, 3 MEN RUN TOWARD HIM.



I'M HERE ON EARTH! THE WORLD I SEE FOR THE FIRST TIME.

THE MEN TURN OUT TO BE AIRPORT GUARDS. SEEING NO LICENSE NUMBER ON THE STRANGE SHIP, THE GUARDS BECOME SUSPICIOUS.

YOUR SHIP IS UNREGISTERED. WHERE IS YOUR PASSPORT, AND WHAT ARE YOU A CITIZEN OF?



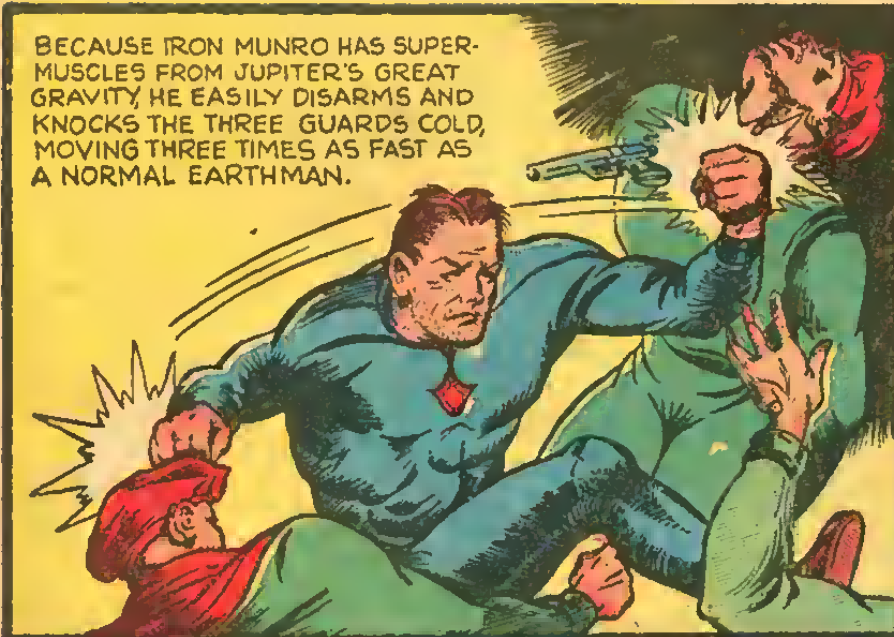
I'M A CITIZEN OF JUPITER AND I WANT TO SEE JOHN CARLISLE, PRESIDENT OF AMERICAN ROCKET.



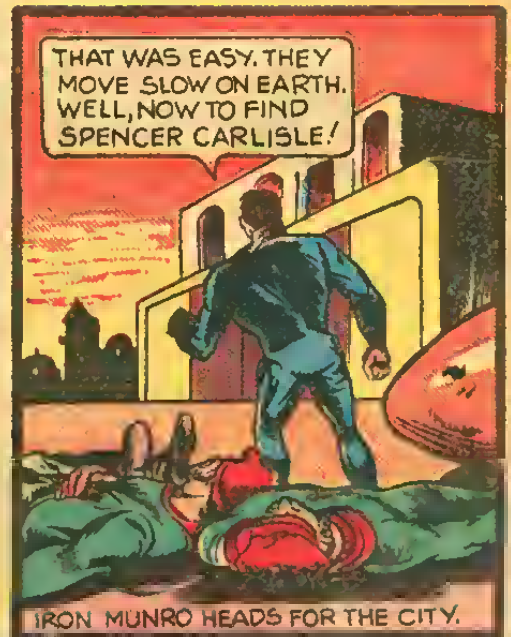
JOHN CARLISLE, WHY HE HAS BEEN DEAD FOR FIVE YEARS, HIS SON IS PRESIDENT NOW. YOU'RE UNDER ARREST! TAKE HIM BOYS!



BECAUSE IRON MUNRO HAS SUPER-MUSCLES FROM JUPITER'S GREAT GRAVITY, HE EASILY DISARMS AND KNOCKS THE THREE GUARDS COLD, MOVING THREE TIMES AS FAST AS A NORMAL EARTHMAN.



THAT WAS EASY. THEY MOVE SLOW ON EARTH. WELL, NOW TO FIND SPENCER CARLISLE!



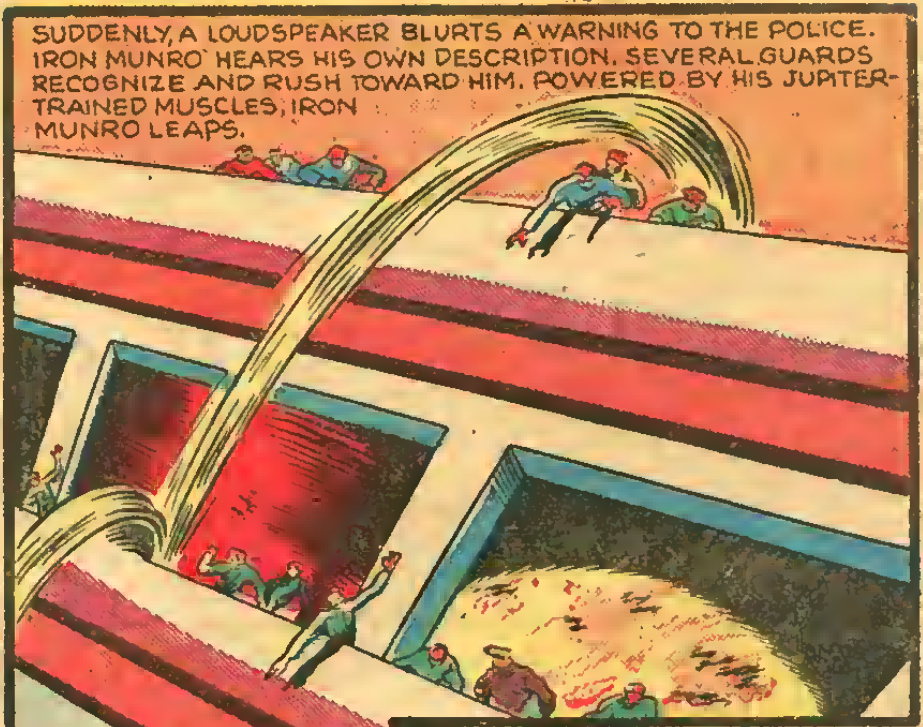
IRON MUNRO HEADS FOR THE CITY.

THIS IS MORE OF A WONDER CITY THAN FATHER EVER DESCRIBED! BUT I'LL NEED MONEY HERE...



MUNRO REACHES THE CITY, HE IS AMAZED AT ITS STRUCTURAL BEAUTY.

SUDDENLY, A LOUDSPEAKER BLURTS A WARNING TO THE POLICE. IRON MUNRO HEARS HIS OWN DESCRIPTION. SEVERAL GUARDS RECOGNIZE AND RUSH TOWARD HIM. POWERED BY HIS JUPITER-TRAINED MUSCLES, IRON MUNRO LEAPS.



FROM LEDGE TO LEDGE THE ASTOUNDING MAN LEAPS, UNTIL FINALLY HE LANDS ON THE STREET LEVEL IN FRONT OF A PAWN SHOP.



ELUDING HIS PURSUERS BY DASHING INTO THE PAWN SHOP, HE PAWNS HIS WATCH FOR GOLD.



IS THIS ALL I GET FOR IT?

I'M LOSING MONEY!



HAVING OBTAINED ENOUGH MONEY FOR A BATH, SHAVE AND A NEW CLOAK, THE ASTOUNDING MAN HEADS FOR THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.



NOW I FEEL BETTER. I MUST GET TO CARLISLE!

AT THE OFFICES OF AMERICAN ROCKET, IRON MUNRO MEETS WITH ANOTHER SETBACK.

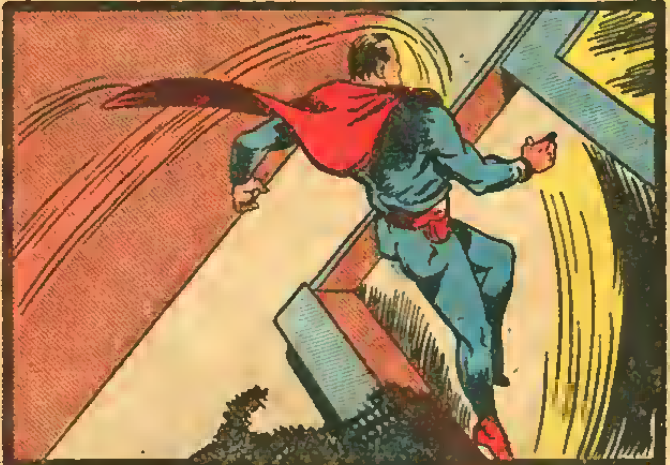


SORRY, SIR! YOU CAN'T SEE PRES. CARLISLE.

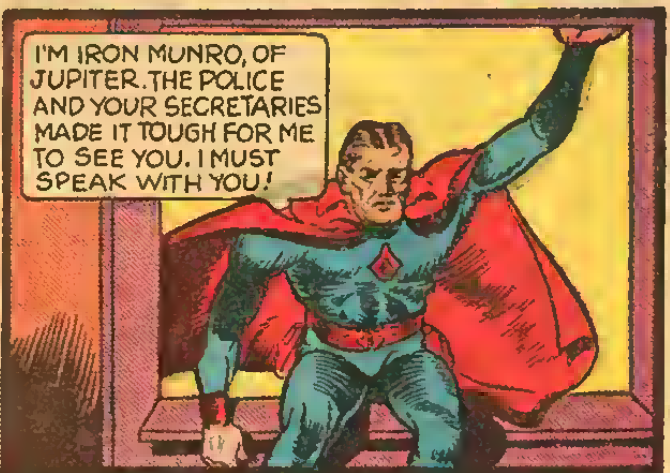
WHERE IS HIS OFFICE?

IT IS ON THE THIRD FLOOR.

WITHOUT ANOTHER WORD, IRON MUNRO WALKED OUT TO THE WORK YARD AND THEN, BEFORE THE STARTLED EYES OF THE WORKERS, IRON MADE A TREMENDOUS LEAP TO A LEDGE HIGH UPON THE SIDE OF THE BUILDING. ANOTHER LEAP SENT HIM TO THE SILL OF THE PRESIDENT'S WINDOW.

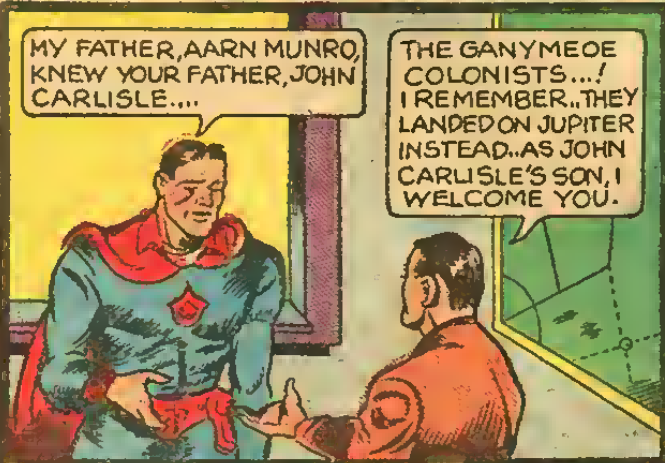


I'M IRON MUNRO, OF JUPITER. THE POLICE AND YOUR SECRETARIES MADE IT TOUGH FOR ME TO SEE YOU. I MUST SPEAK WITH YOU!



MY FATHER, AARN MUNRO, KNEW YOUR FATHER, JOHN CARLISLE....

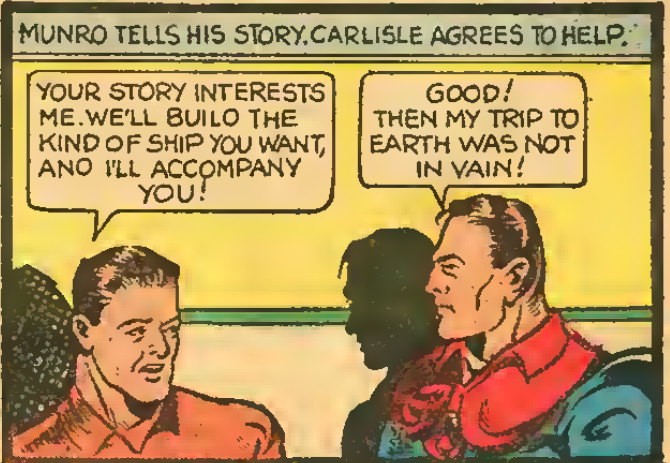
THE GANYMEDE COLONISTS...! I REMEMBER...THEY LANDED ON JUPITER INSTEAD..AS JOHN CARLISLE'S SON, I WELCOME YOU.



MUNRO TELLS HIS STORY. CARLISLE AGREES TO HELP.

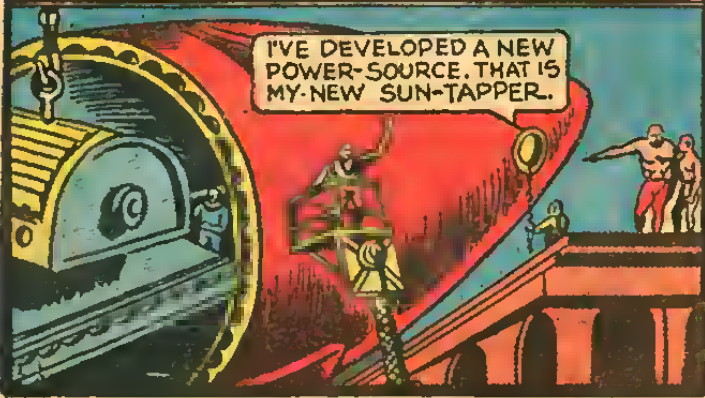
YOUR STORY INTERESTS ME. WE'LL BUILD THE KIND OF SHIP YOU WANT, AND I'LL ACCOMPANY YOU!

GOOD! THEN MY TRIP TO EARTH WAS NOT IN VAIN!

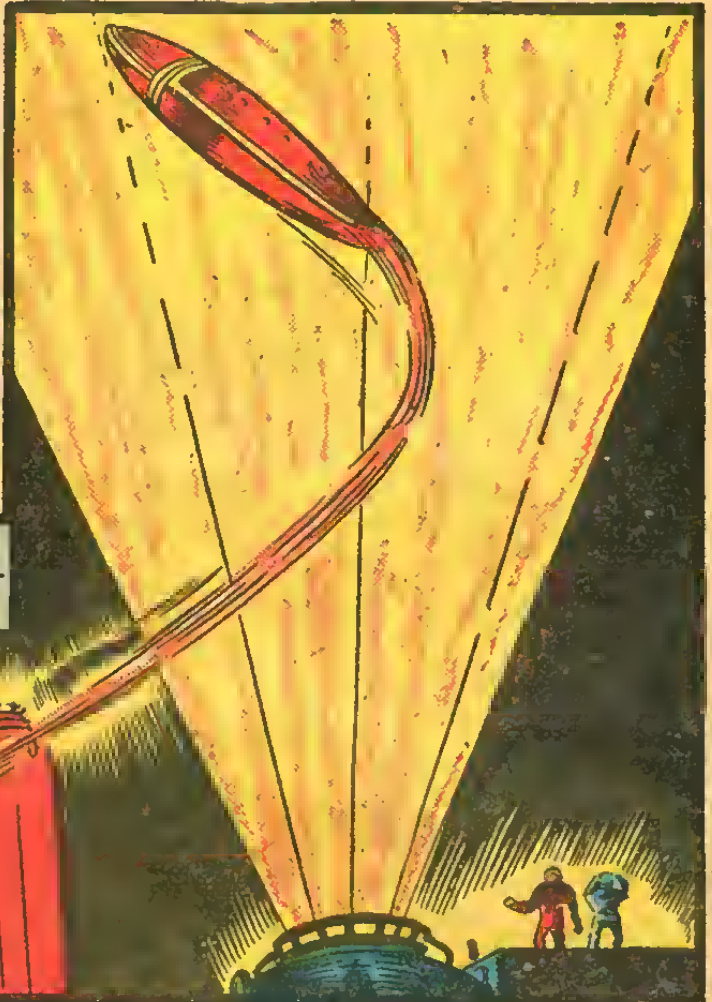
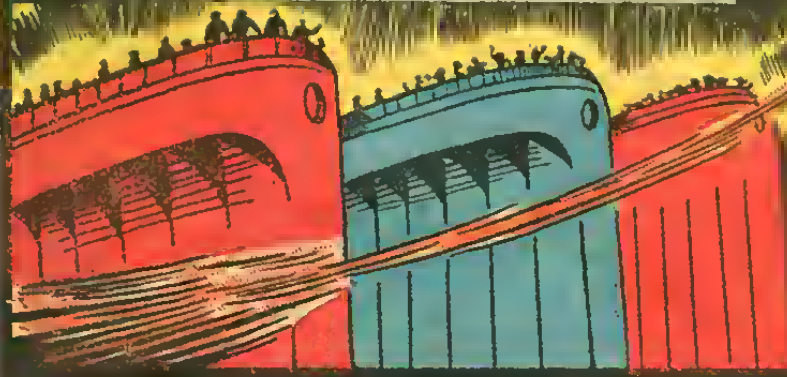




AFTER MONTHS OF ARDUOUS LABOR, THE GIANT SPACE SHIP IS COMPLETED ACCORDING TO IRON MUNRO'S SPECIFICATIONS.



THOUSANDS OF EARTHMEN TURN OUT TO WATCH THE ASTOUNDING MAN AND CARLISLE ZOOM OUT INTO SPACE IN THE GIANT SHIP.



AFTER REACHING OUTER SPACE, A HUGE ASTEROID SUDDENLY APPEARS BEFORE THEM.



UNABLE TO AVOID IT, THE SHIP CRASHES INTO THE ASTEROID AT THE TERRIFIC SPEED OF 40,000 MILES PER SECOND. BY AN AMAZING PHENOMENON, INSTEAD OF BEING DESTROYED, THEIR SHIP SLIPS INTO A NEW SPACE.



WE'RE ALIVE! DO YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENED, IRON?

I'M NOT SURE, BUT I THINK WE'RE IN A NEW UNIVERSE. SEE THAT BLUE SUN? IT IS DIFFERENT THAN THE ONE IN OUR SOLAR SYSTEM.

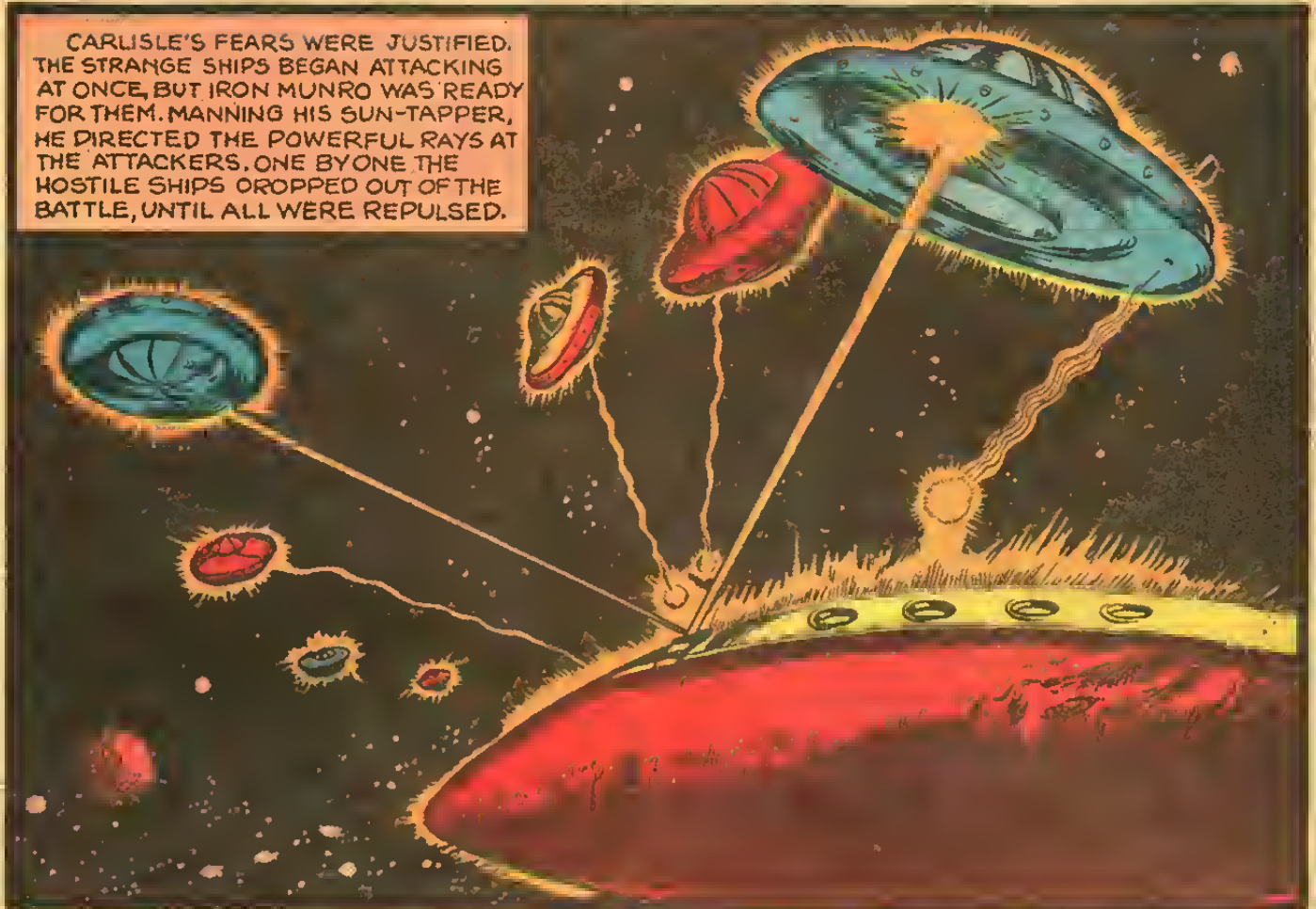


SAY, IRON! LOOK... STRANGE SHIPS... AND NONE TOO FRIENDLY LOOKING!





CARLISLE'S FEARS WERE JUSTIFIED. THE STRANGE SHIPS BEGAN ATTACKING AT ONCE, BUT IRON MUNRO WAS READY FOR THEM. MANNING HIS SUN-TAPPER, HE DIRECTED THE POWERFUL RAYS AT THE ATTACKERS. ONE BY ONE THE HOSTILE SHIPS DROPPED OUT OF THE BATTLE, UNTIL ALL WERE REPULSED.

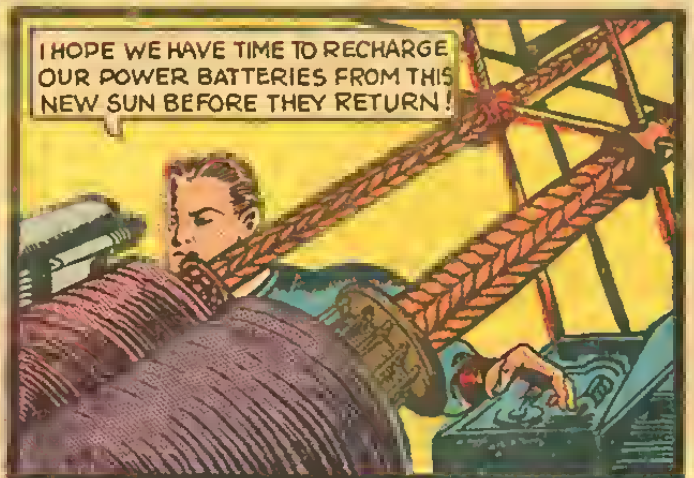


THERE GO THE LAST OF THEM!

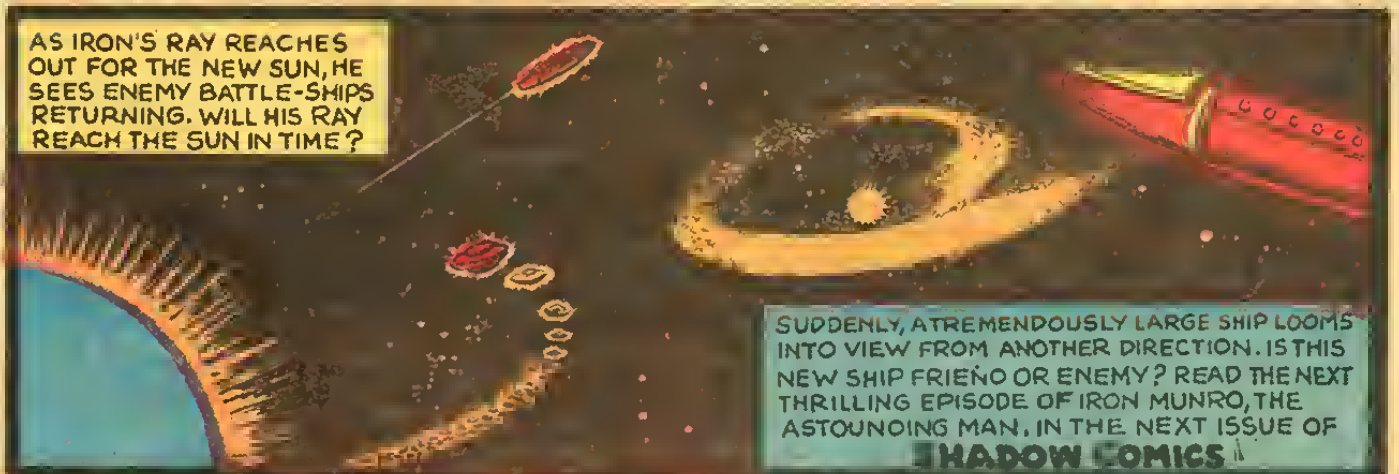
YES...AND OUR SUN-TAPPER BATTERIES ARE DEAD!



I HOPE WE HAVE TIME TO RECHARGE OUR POWER BATTERIES FROM THIS NEW SUN BEFORE THEY RETURN!



AS IRON'S RAY REACHES OUT FOR THE NEW SUN, HE SEES ENEMY BATTLE-SHIPS RETURNING. WILL HIS RAY REACH THE SUN IN TIME?



SUDDENLY, A TREMENDOUSLY LARGE SHIP LOOMS INTO VIEW FROM ANOTHER DIRECTION. IS THIS NEW SHIP FRIEND OR ENEMY? READ THE NEXT THRILLING EPISODE OF IRON MUNRO, THE ASTOUNDING MAN, IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF

**SHADOW COMICS**



# TWIRLING DIGITS

## A STARTLING STUNT YOU CAN TRY.

DAN DUGAN and Tim Haley were doing all right for themselves. Their latest method of piling up shekels was to buy run-down gasoline stations for a song, build them up with high-pressure advertising schemes, and then resell at fancy profits.

Their latest gasoline mansion—for that's what it was after they got through rebuilding it—was doing a snappy business. But Dan and Tim were not men to stay put in any one place for too long a time. They already had a customer for it. At this moment they were waiting in the office for the buyer.

Dan glanced out toward the roadway and saw a car approaching. "Here he comes, Tim," he told his partner. "I hope he's got the cash with him."

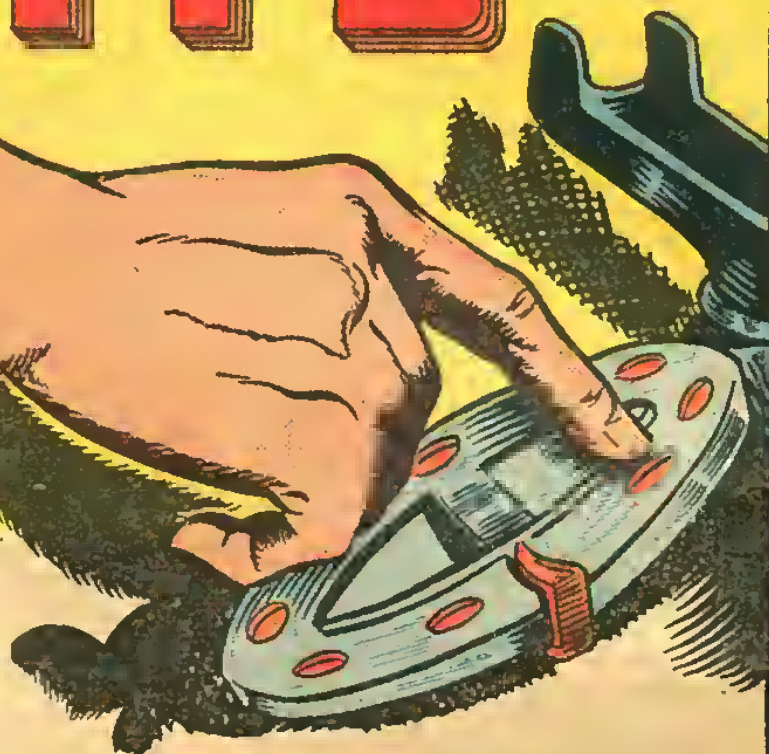
Manley, the buyer, did have the cash with him—five thousand dollars in one-hundred-dollar bills. A few minutes later he turned over the cash to the partners and received his bill of sale.

After wishing the new owner lots of luck, Dan and Tim hopped into their car and sped off toward the hotel.

"Sure you haven't got a hole in the pocket where you've got that wad of greenbacks?" Tim joked.

"It's O. K. where it is," Dan assured him, patting the bulge in his coat pocket. "It's too bad the bank is closed, though. I don't like to carry around this much cabbage."

They arrived at the hotel, went up in the elevator, then walked down the hallway to their room.



When Tim opened the door and stepped into the room, a surprising thing happened! A foot shot out from behind the door and Tim tripped over it. He landed sprawling on his stomach. As he fell, the owner of the foot dived at him, landing on Tim's back and knocking the breath out of him. The intruder's right hand made a sweeping motion. The butt of an automatic thudded against Tim's head. Tim went limp!

All this happened in a split fraction of a second. Dan Dugan was already lunging at the intruder when a second figure stepped from behind the door and swung a blackjack. The leaded instrument did not land solidly. It glanced off of Dan's shoulder. Turning almost in midair, Dan swung a terrific right at the chin of his assailant. *Boff!* Knuckles crashed against jawbone and down went the attacker!

Dan turned to the other attacker, but was stopped by a terse command. "Cut it!" the stranger ordered, pointing his automatic straight at Dan's heart. "Now sit down in that chair like a nice little boy, Dugan, or I'll blast ya wide open!"

Having no alternative in the face of the murderous weapon, Dan slumped in the chair. Tim



regained consciousness and was also ordered to sit down. Both intruders stood covering them with their guns.

"C'mon, Dugan—where's the dough?"

"What dough? I don't know what you're talking about!" Dan told his questioner.

"Don't give us that stuff! Slug and me know all about you two guys. We've been keepin' an eye on ya. We know that ya sold your gas station fer five thousand smackers. Now git it up!"

"Yeah," added Slug, "and we ain't playin'!"

"You're not such smart guys," Dan taunted.

"What's that?" boomed Tony, the first speaker.

"If you were smart you would have known that we didn't get the money yet," Dan said calmly, hoping to outwit the two toughies. "The buyer is supposed to meet us here with the money at five o'clock."

Tim didn't know just what Dan was driving at, but he spoke to back up his pal and partner.

"Sure, that's why we came up to the room."

Slug looked at his wrist watch, his face sullen. "It's ten after five now," he said angrily. "Where is the guy with the dough?"

"Yeah, how about it?" Tony sneered. "If you guys are puttin' somethin' over on us, we'll—"

"Don't be foolish!" Dan interrupted. "We know when we're licked. If we had the money here we'd give it to you. We're not looking to be bumped off!"

"Well, we'll wait five more minutes," Tony said out of the side of his mouth. "And if he don't show up, it'll be too bad for the both of ya!"

Still watching Dan and Tim closely, the two thugs lit cigarettes. Dan had a definite plan in mind, but could not communicate it to Tim. The latter looked questioningly at Dan, wondering what was going through his partner's mind. He had implicit faith in his partner, and was reassured by Dan's outwardly calm appearance.

Five minutes passed. Slug looked at his watch again. "It's five fifteen," he bellowed, "and no sign of the guy with the dough! I think you guys are tryin' to string us!"

"Yeah, how about it?" Tony questioned threateningly.

"He is late," Dan admitted. "I'll call him up and find out what's keeping him."

Slug moved closer, placed the muzzle of his ugly automatic against the back of Dan's head and said: "O. K., Dugan! But if you try to call the cops—or any kind of funny business—this gun will go off sorta by accident."

Dan knew that the gangster meant every word he said. He reached for the telephone on the table and dialed a number. After listening for a second he slammed the receiver down and mumbled: "The line's busy."



"NOW SIT DOWN-OR I'LL BLAST YOU OPEN!"

Before the two thugs could say anything, the telephone rang. As Dan picked up the receiver again, Slug prodded him with the gun and said: "Remember, Dugan, no funny stuff!"

Dan spoke into the phone. "Hello. . . . Oh, a letter was left at the desk for me? All right, I'll be right down to pick it up."

"The fellow who bought the gas station just left an envelope for me at the desk," Dan told the two mobsters. "That must be the money."

"O. K.," Slug said. "But I'll go down with ya to see that ya don't try to scam with it. Tony, you stick with this other guy!"

The two men left the room, went down in the elevator, and entered the lobby. Slug, his fingers draped around the gun in his coat pocket, lagged behind as Dan approached the desk clerk.

"I'll take that envelope in my box," Dan told the clerk.

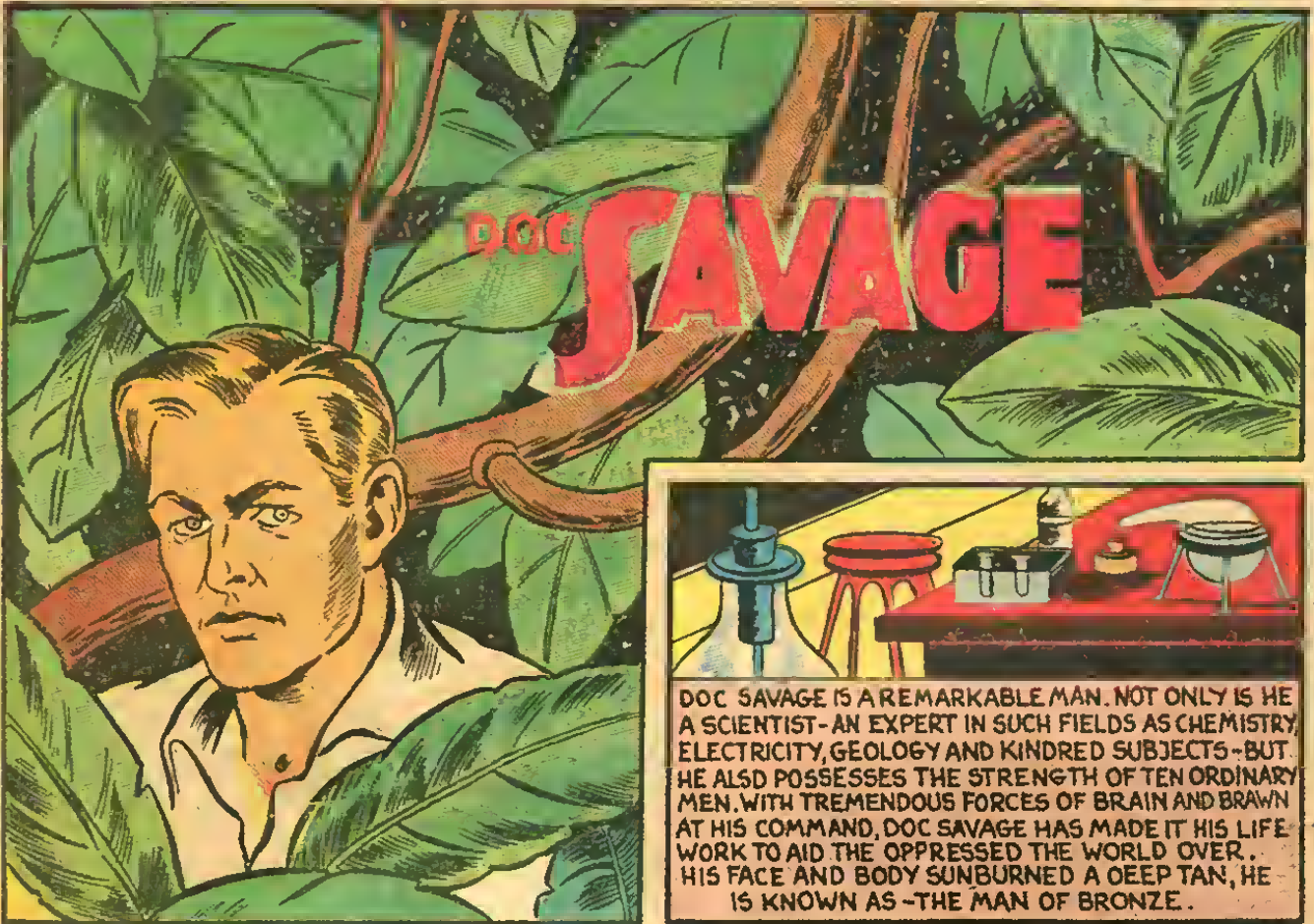
"Yes, Mr. Dugan," the clerk answered. "Here it is."

Slug watched closely, but did not see Dan wink when he said to the clerk: "Very well, I'll write you out a receipt for it."

Dan scratched a few words on a piece of paper and handed it to the clerk. The clerk looked questioningly at Dan, and then at the paper, but said nothing.

(Turn to page 61)





DEEP IN THE HEART OF AFRICA WE FIND DOC SAVAGE AND HIS TRUSTED ASSISTANT, MONK. THE SAVAGES ARE BEING STIRRED UP TO REVOLT AGAINST THE EUROPEAN GOVERNMENT WHICH RULES THEM. VON GUYTER, AN AGENT FOR ANOTHER FOREIGN POWER WHICH WANTS CONTROL OF THE TERRITORY, IS SUPPLYING THE NATIVES WITH RIFLES. KNOWING THAT THE NATIVES WOULD BE SLAUGHTERED BY THE GOVERNMENT TROOPS IF THEY REVOLTED, DOC SAVAGE GOES INTO THE JUNGLE TO FIND VON GUYTER AND TO MAKE PEACE WITH THE SAVAGES. AT THIS MOMENT, THE NATIVES ARE PERFORMING A WAR DANCE.







WE CAN'T CARRY ALL THOSE RIFLES AWAY, SO WE'LL RENDER THEM USELESS!

GOOD IDEA, DOC!

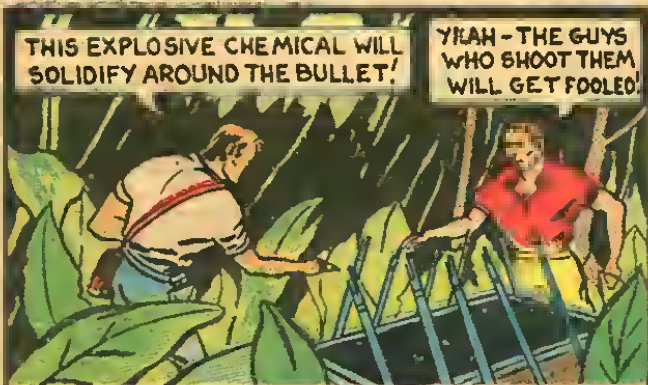
DOC SAVAGE DIGS DOWN INTO HIS BAG OF TRICKS IN ORDER TO BE ONE JUMP AHEAD OF THE NATIVES.



NOT A SOUND! OUR LIVES WON'T BE WORTH A LEAD NICKEL, IF WE'RE DISCOVERED!

RIGHT YOU ARE, DOC!

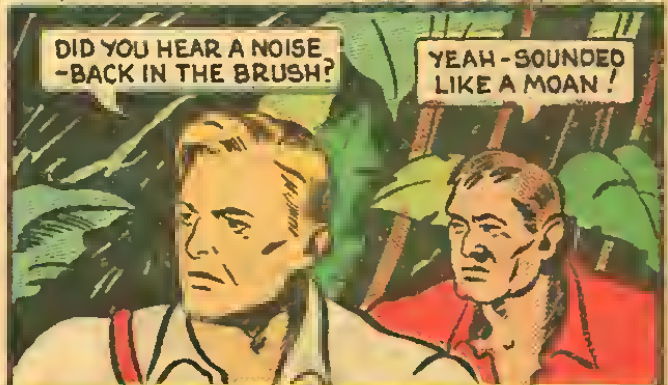
THE TWO MEN CREEP STEALTHILY TOWARD THE STACKED RIFLES.



THIS EXPLOSIVE CHEMICAL WILL SOLIDIFY AROUND THE BULLET!

YEAH - THE GUYS WHO SHOOT THEM WILL GET FOOLED!

THE LIQUID EXPLOSIVE IS ONE OF DOC SAVAGE'S SECRET FORMULAS.



DID YOU HEAR A NOISE - BACK IN THE BRUSH?

YEAH - SOUNDED LIKE A MOAN!

SUDDENLY THEY HEAR A LOW MOAN, LIKE THAT OF A DYING MAN.



A WHITE MAN! - HE'S DEAD!

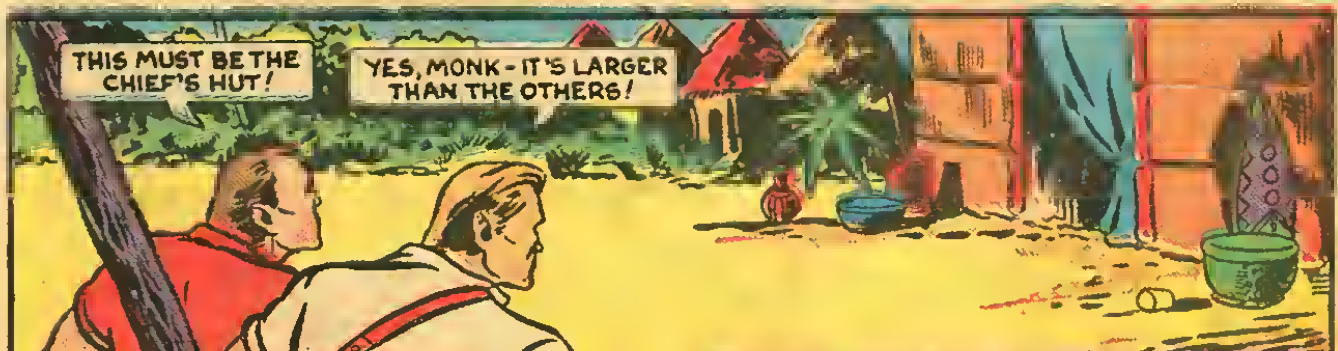
YES. IT LOOKS LIKE HE TRIED TO SCRAWL A MESSAGE BEFORE HE DIED.

INVESTIGATING, THEY DISCOVER A WHITE MAN, STABBED TO DEATH.



WHAT DOES IT SAY?

KONING HUIS - IN AFRICANDER THAT MEANS - KING'S HOUSE. HE PROBABLY MEANT THE CHIEF'S HUT. LET'S SEE WHAT WE CAN FIND OUT THERE!

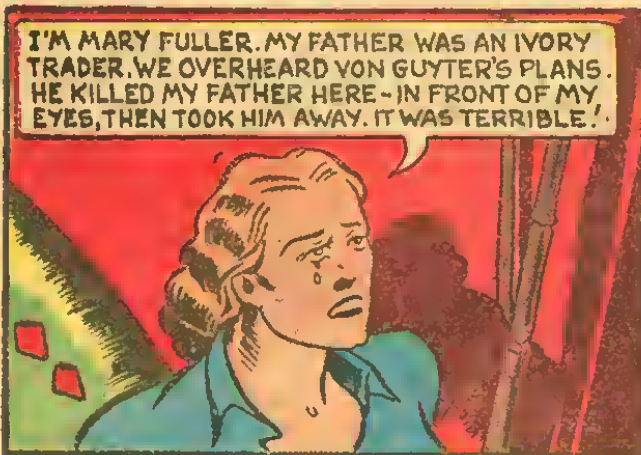
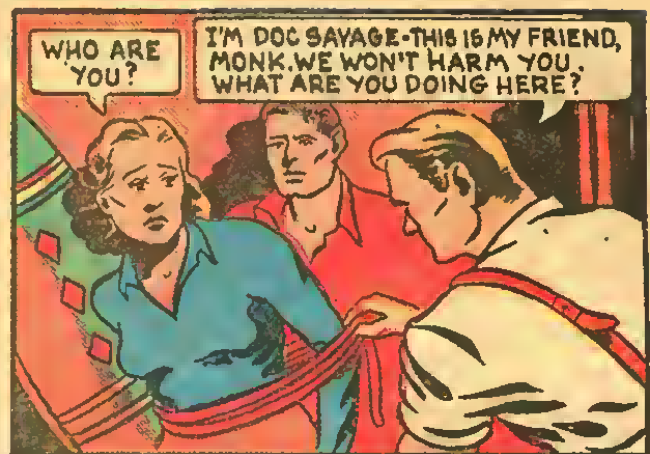
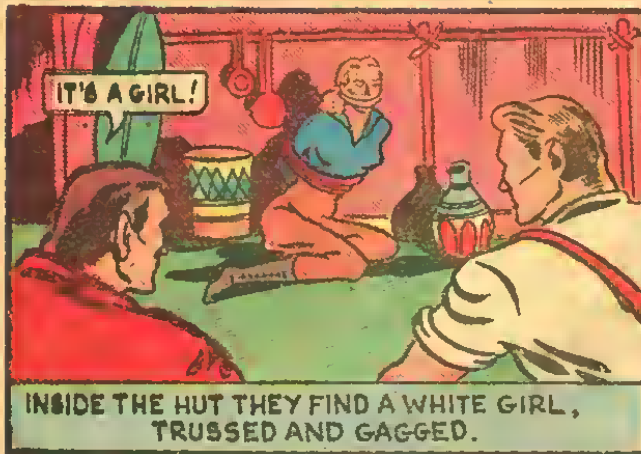


THIS MUST BE THE CHIEF'S HUT!

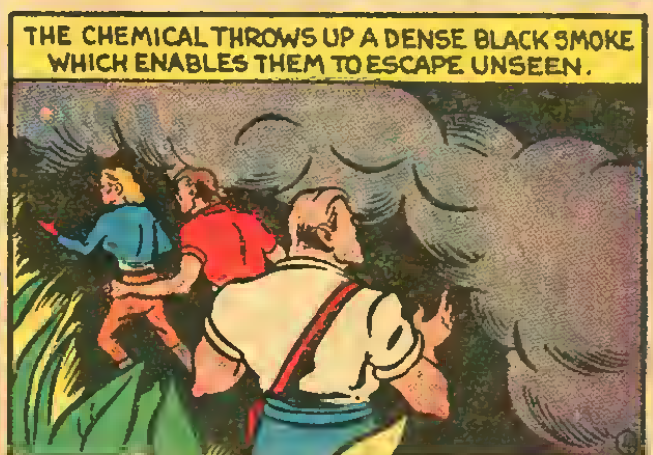
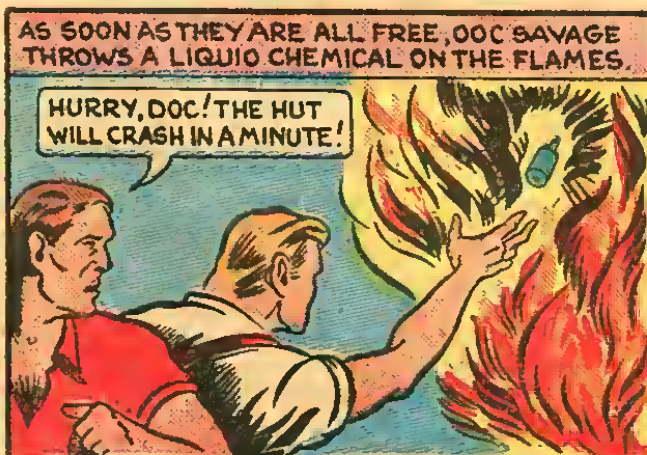
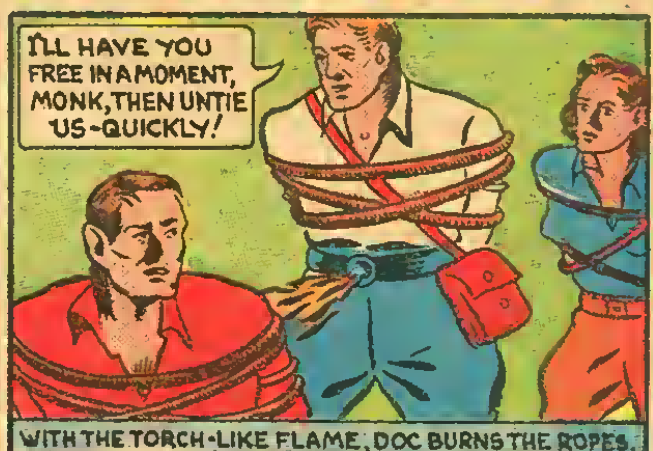
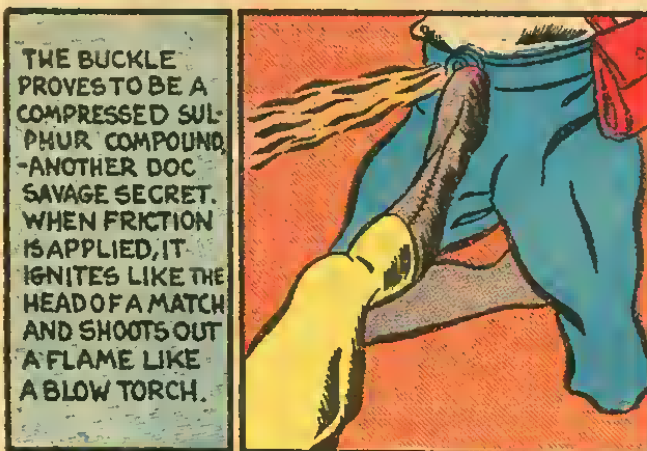
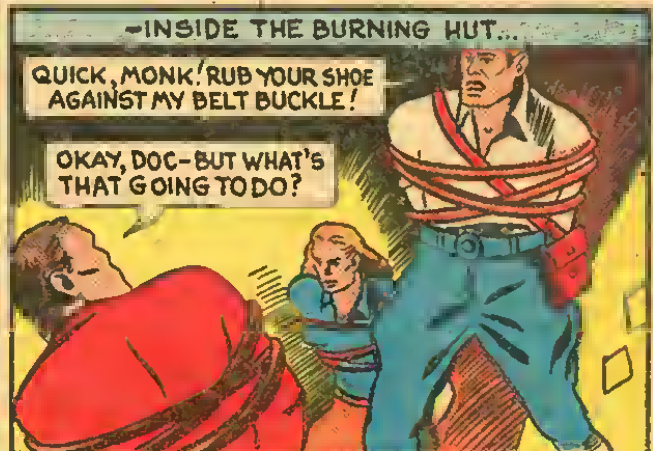
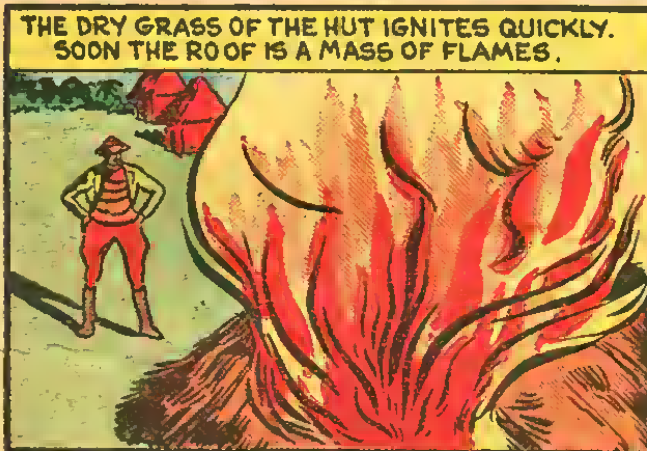
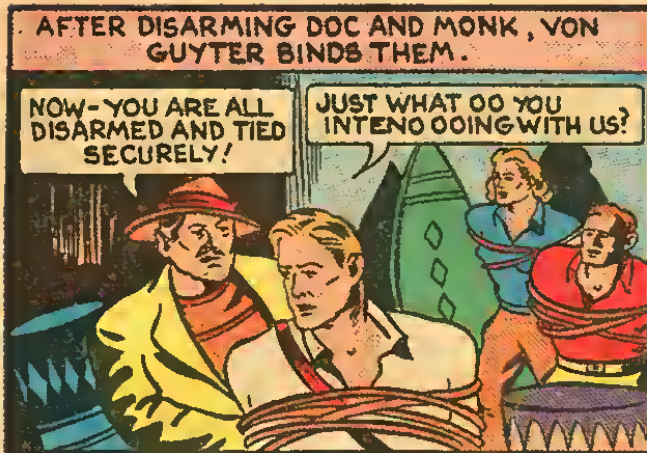
YES, MONK - IT'S LARGER THAN THE OTHERS!

THE VILLAGE IS DESERTED. ALL THE NATIVES ARE ATTENDING THE WAR DANCE - TO CELEBRATE THE ARRIVAL OF THE RIFLES.







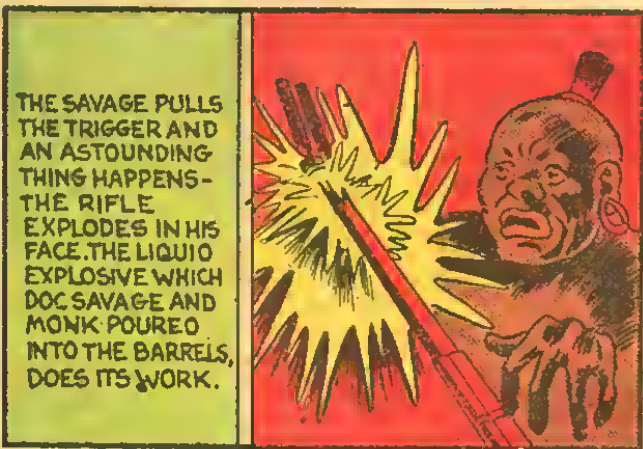
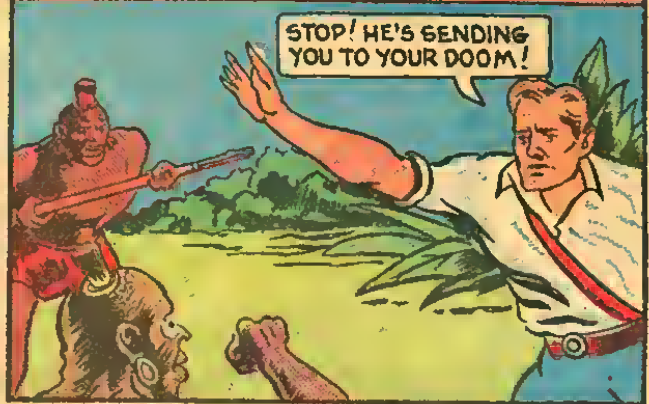




VON GUYTER RETURNS TO THE SAVAGES AND URGES THEM TO FIGHT.



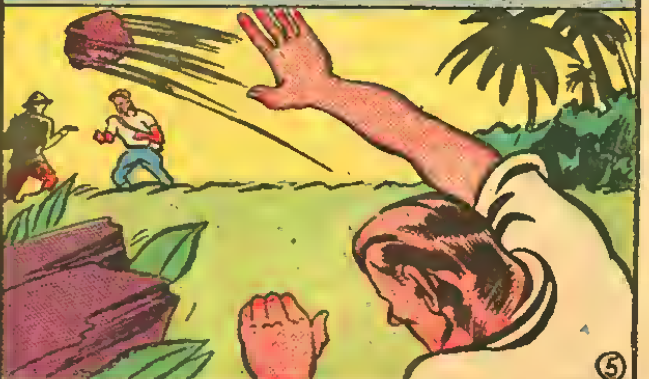
BUT AT THAT MOMENT, DOC SAVAGE APPEARS ...



ENRAGED, VON GUYTER AIMS HIS GUN AT DOC SAVAGE.



BUT MONK, WATCHING FROM THE EDGE OF THE CLEARING, HURLS A ROCK WITH TREMENDOUS FORCE AND...





...IT KNOCKS VON GUYTER'S GUN HAND TO ONE SIDE, JUST AS HE PULLS THE TRIGGER



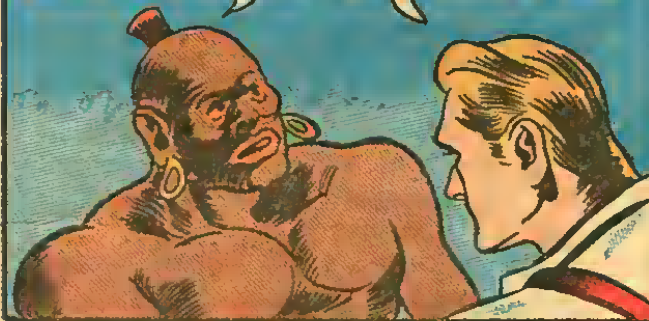
THE NATIVE CHIEF, CONVINCED OF VON GUYTER'S TREACHERY, HURLS A SPEAR AT THE MURDEROUS FOREIGN AGENT. THE SPEAR FINDS ITS MARK.



THE CHIEF STATES HIS DESIRE FOR PEACE.

ME-YOU-FRIEND.  
ME FIGHT NO MORE!

GOOD! IT WILL BE  
BETTER THAT WAY!



THE CHIEF ORGANIZES A SAFARI AND ESCORTS DOC, MONK AND THE GIRL BACK TO CIVILIZATION.



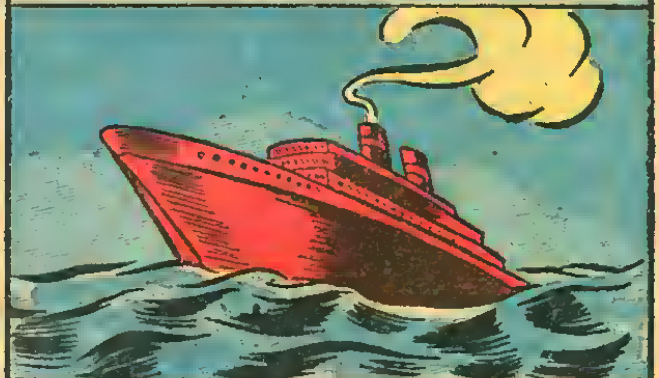
-LATER, AT THE SEAPORT...

A BIG CITY LIKE LONDON WOULD BE A  
BETTER PLACE FOR A GIRL LIKE YOU.  
A FRIEND OF MINE WILL GIVE YOU A JOB.

THANKS FOR  
EVERYTHING,  
DOC SAVAGE-  
AND GOODBYE!

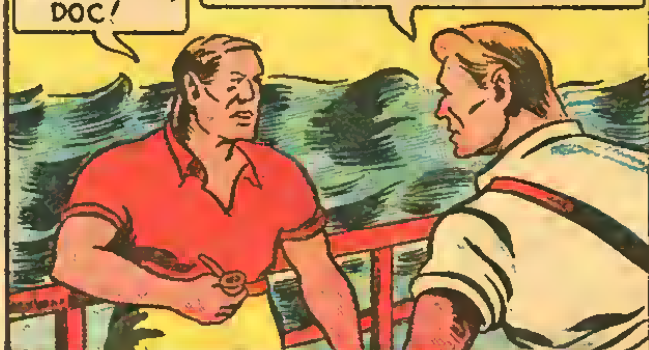


THEIR MISSION COMPLETED, DOC SAVAGE AND HIS FRIEND SAIL FOR HOME.



THAT WAS AN  
EXCITING-  
ADVENTURE,  
DOC!

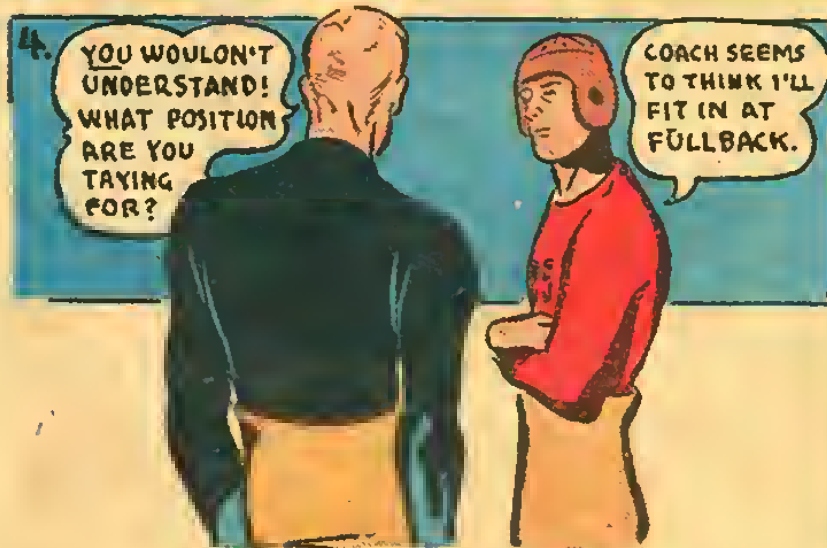
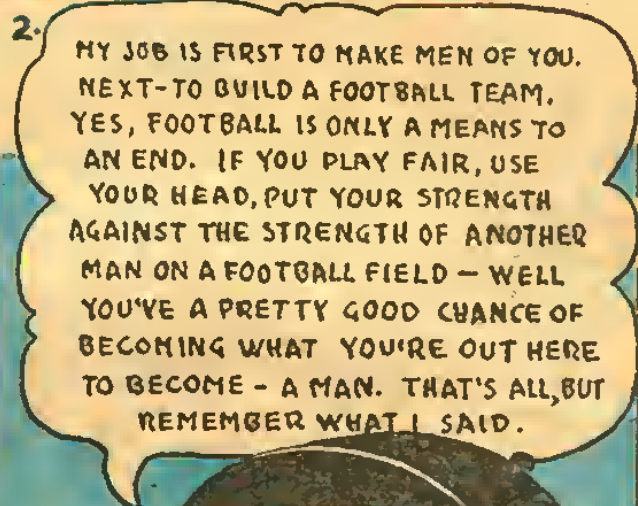
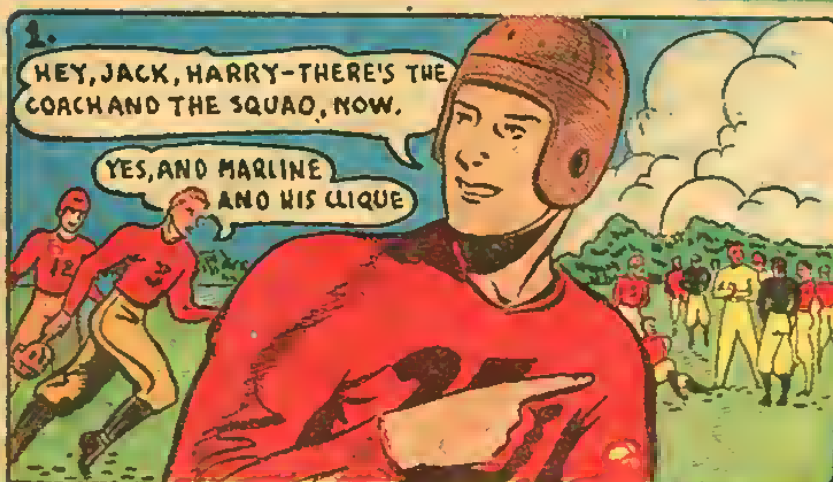
YES, BUT OUR WORK IS NOT FINISHED.  
WE MUST CONTINUE TO AID THOSE  
WHO NEED OUR HELP!



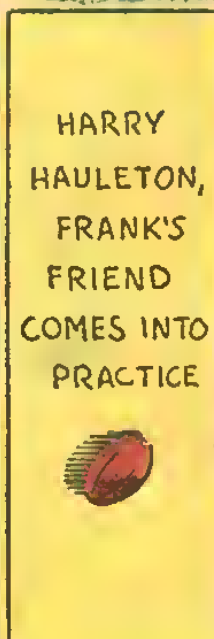
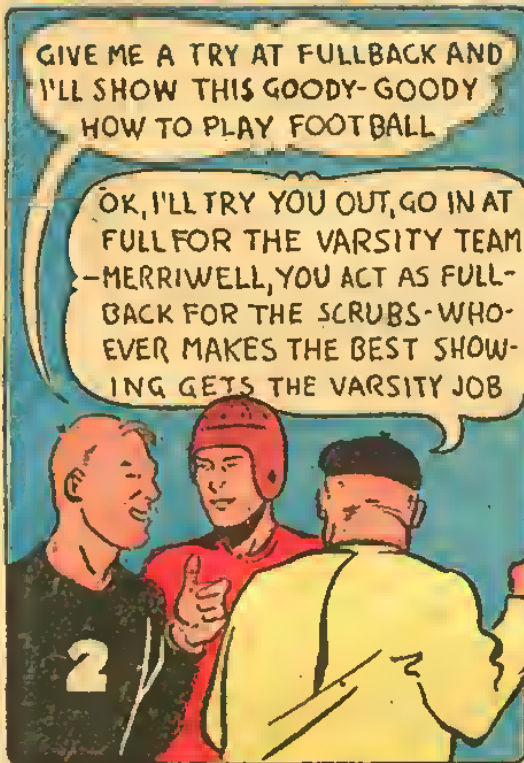
THUS ENDS ANOTHER EXCITING EPISODE IN THE CAREER OF DOC SAVAGE - THE MAN OF BRONZE. WATCH HIM PIT HIS BRAIN AND BRAWN AGAINST VICIOUS CHARACTERS OF THE UNDERWORLD IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF **SHADOW COMICS**



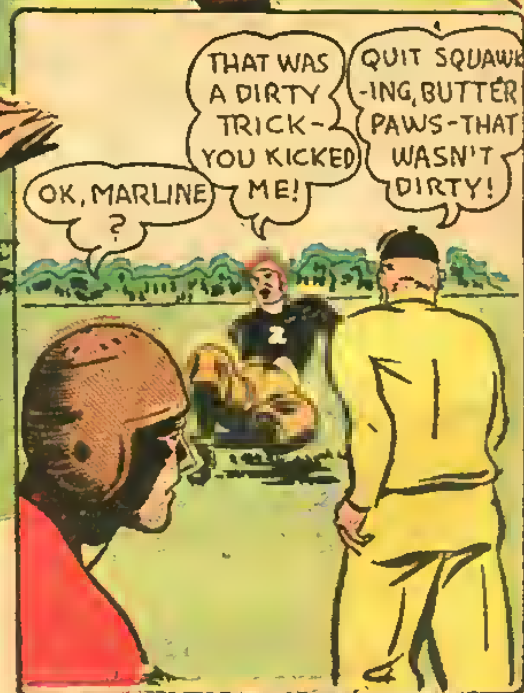
# Frank MERRIWELL at COLLEGE











FRANK SLIPS THRU MARLINE'S FINGERS LIKE A GREASEDEEL!



## AFTER PRACTICE

COACH, WILL YOU AND YOUR ASSISTANT COME WITH ME TO SOME SECRET SPOT, I WANT TO SHOW YOU A NEW FORWARD PASS. I'VE DEVELOPED

OK, FRANK LET'S GO BEHIND THE GYM

PASS. I'VE DEVELOPED

ALL RIGHT, MERRIWELL NOBODY CAN SEE US LET'S HAVE THAT PASS!

BEHIND THE GYM



IT'S AMAZING - THE GREATEST PASS I'VE EVER SEEN, WE CAN USE IT. SATURDAY IN OUR BIG GAME. WE MUST TRAIN TWO MEN TO WORK WITH YOU

WHY NOT MARLINE AND HARRY?

O.K.

O.K.

MARLINE, FRANK MERRIWELL SUGGESTED YOU AND HARRY AS THE MEN TO WORK WITH HIM IN DEVELOPING HIS NEW PASS PLAY. ARE YOU A GOOD ENOUGH SPORT TO DO IT?

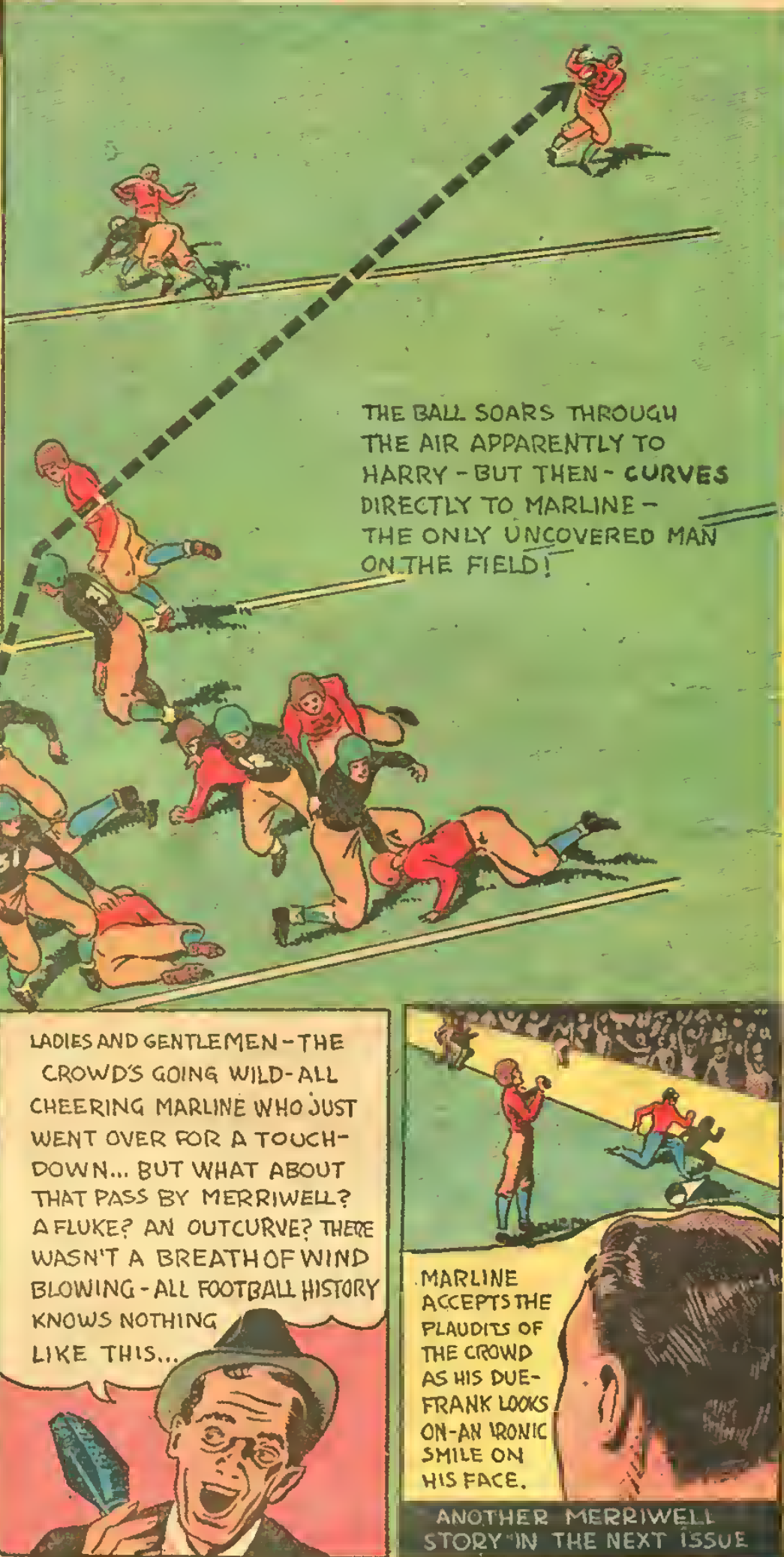
I-UH-UH-I'LL DO IT!



## DAY OF THE BIG GAME!



THE LAST QUARTER - ONE MINUTE TO PLAY - SCORE 0 TO 0. FRANK'S TEAM'S BALL ON THEIR OPPONENTS' 25 YD. LINE. FRANK FADES BACK - HIS BIG CHANCE TO TEST THAT PASS HAS COME!



THE BALL SOARS THROUGH THE AIR APPARENTLY TO HARRY - BUT THEN - CURVES DIRECTLY TO MARLINE - THE ONLY UNCOVERED MAN ON THE FIELD!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN - THE CROWD'S GOING WILD - ALL CHEERING MARLINE WHO JUST WENT OVER FOR A TOUCH-DOWN... BUT WHAT ABOUT THAT PASS BY MERRIWELL? A FLUKE? AN OUTCURVE? THERE WASN'T A BREATH OF WIND BLOWING - ALL FOOTBALL HISTORY KNOWS NOTHING LIKE THIS...



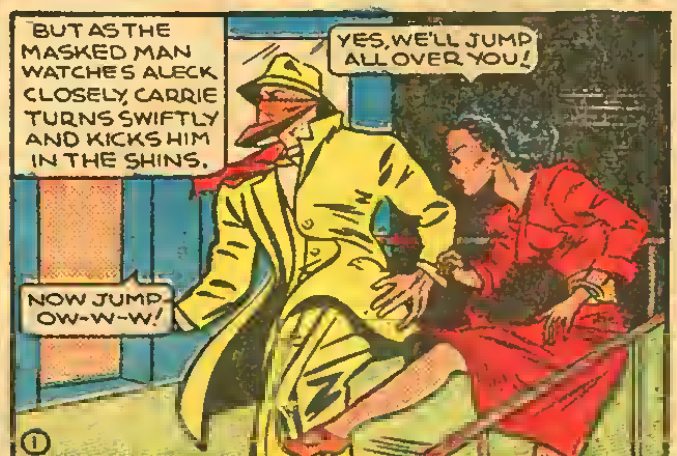
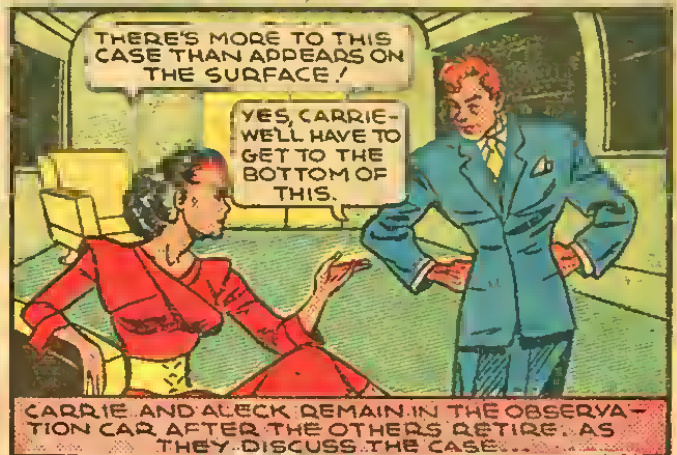
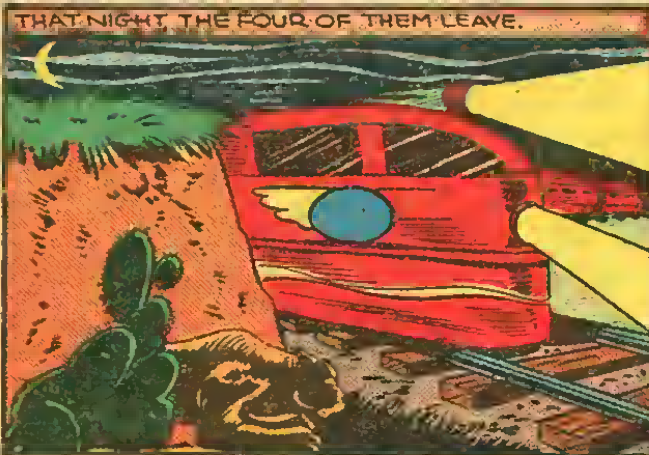
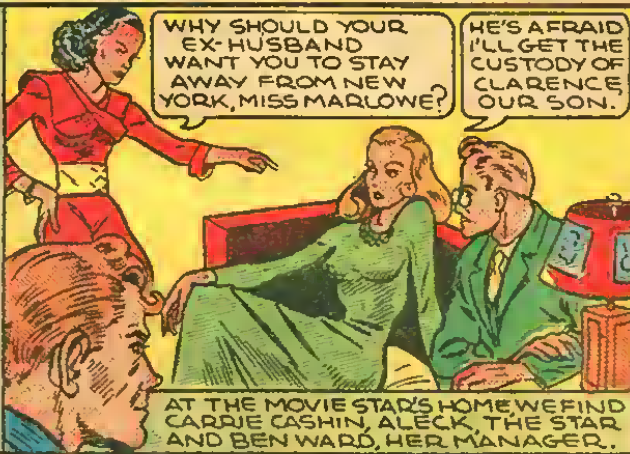
MARLINE ACCEPTS THE PLAUDITS OF THE CROWD AS HIS DUE - FRANK LOOKS ON - AN IRONIC SMILE ON HIS FACE.

ANOTHER MERRIWELL STORY IN THE NEXT ISSUE

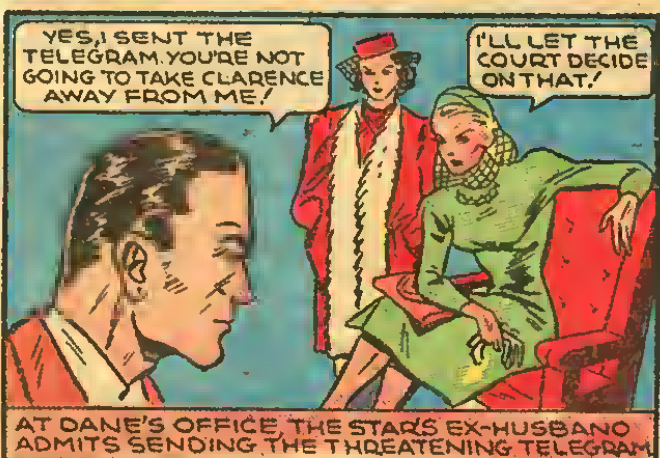
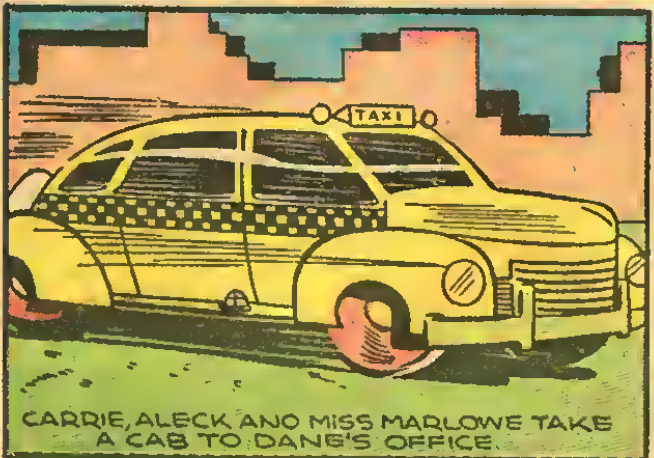
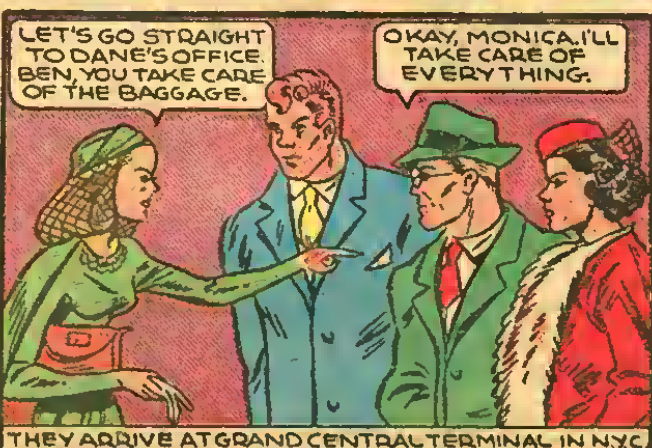
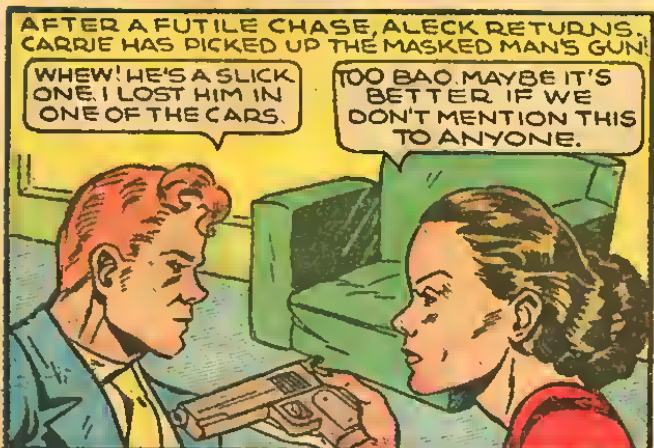
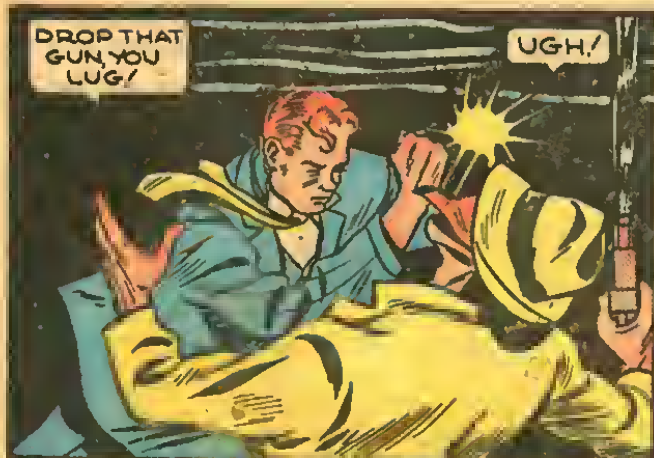




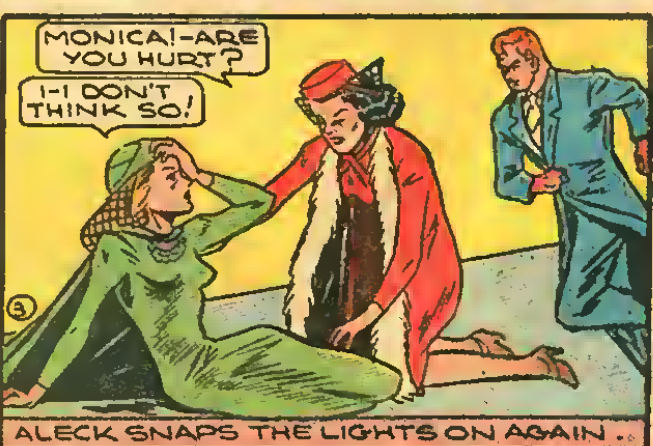
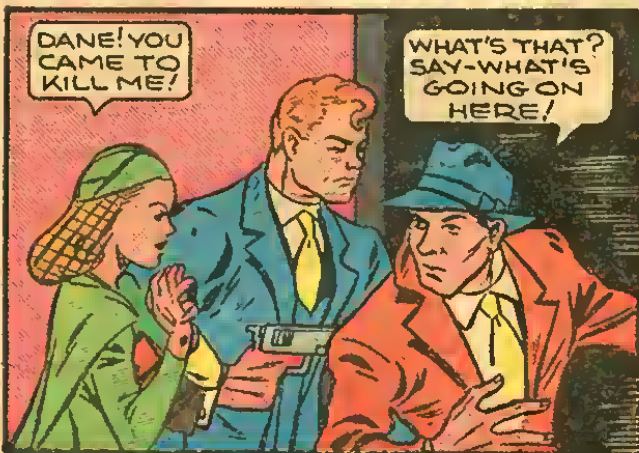
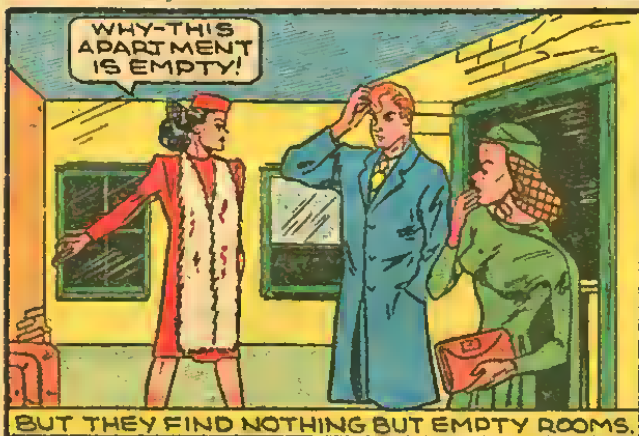
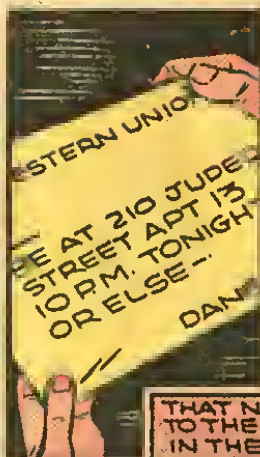
MONICA MARLOWE, FAMOUS HOLLYWOOD STAR, RECEIVES A THREATENING TELEGRAM FROM DANE, HER EX-HUSBAND, WARNING HER NOT TO COME TO NEW YORK. CARRIE CASHIN, FAMOUS FEMALE DETECTIVE, IS CALLED IN ON THE CASE WITH HER PARTNER, ALECK.



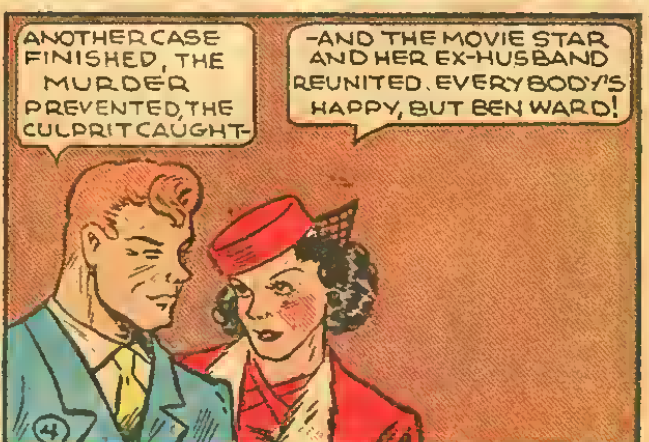
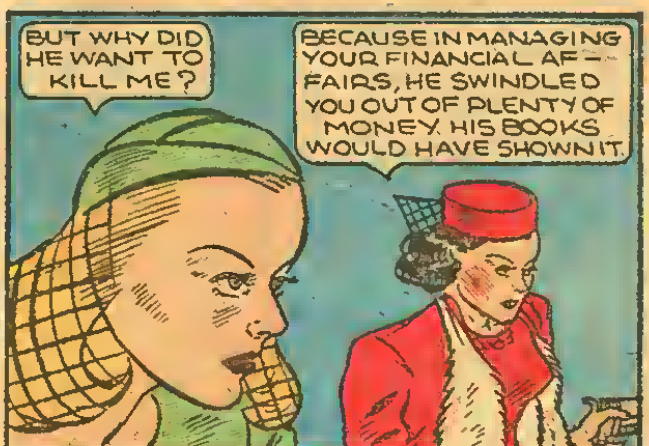
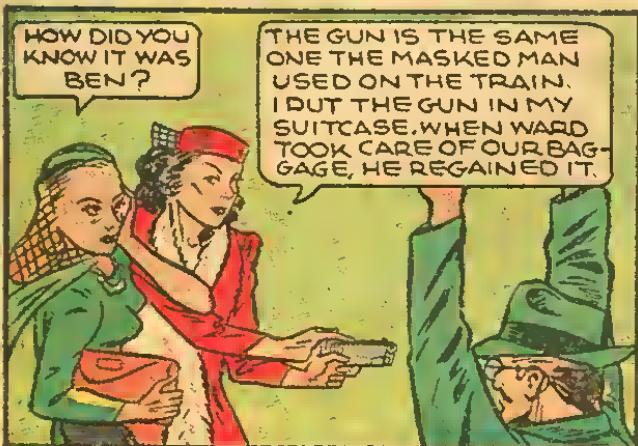
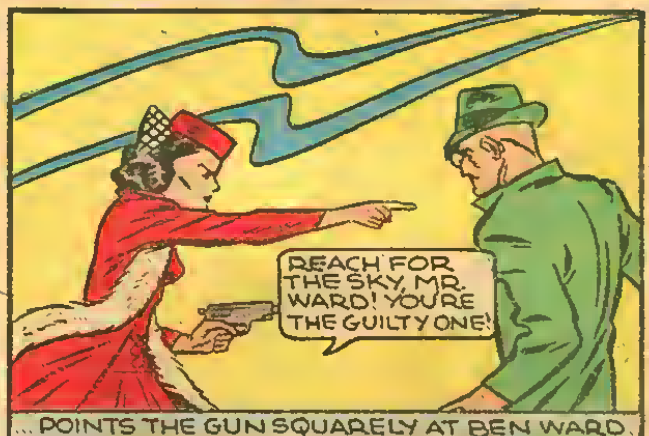
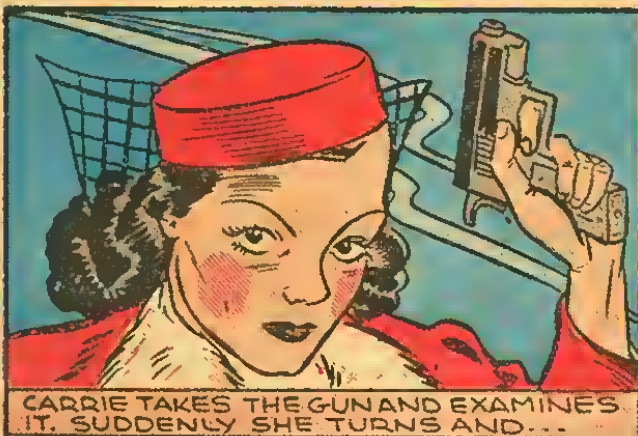
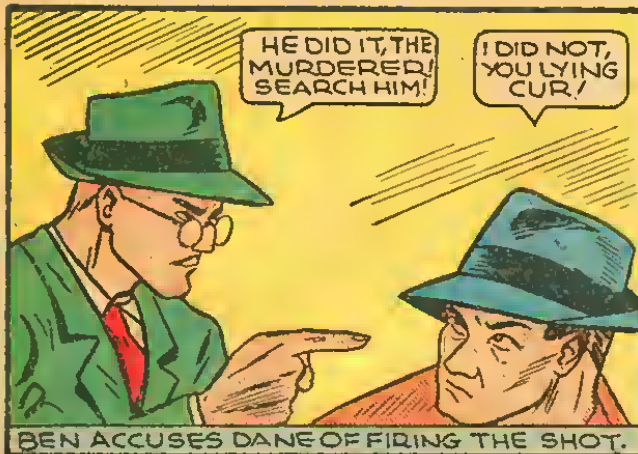




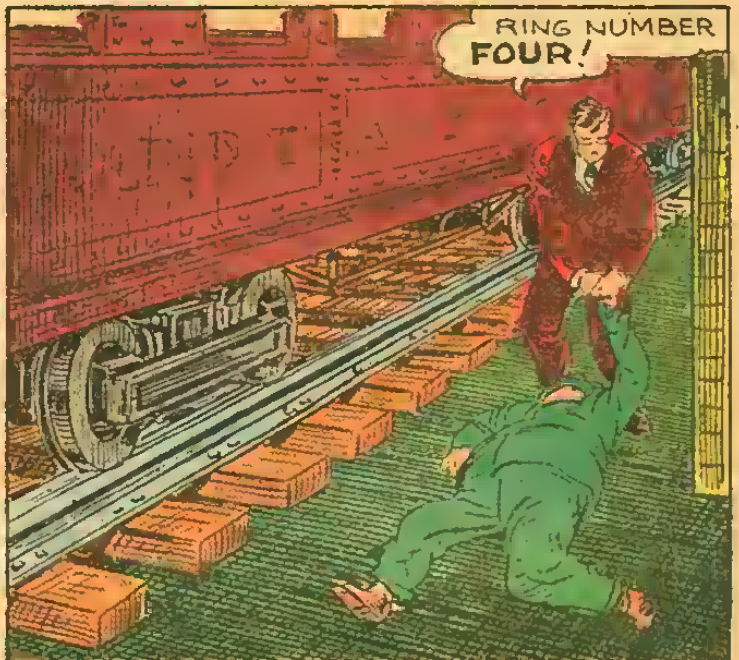
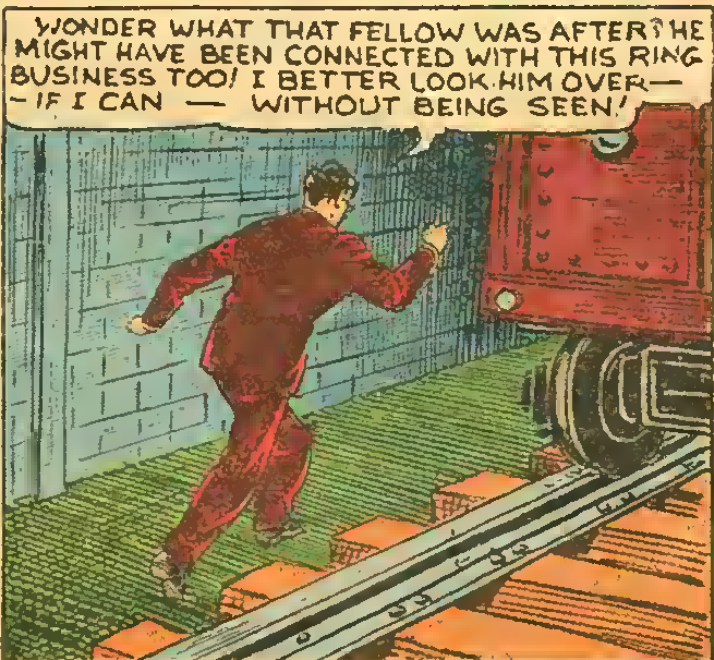
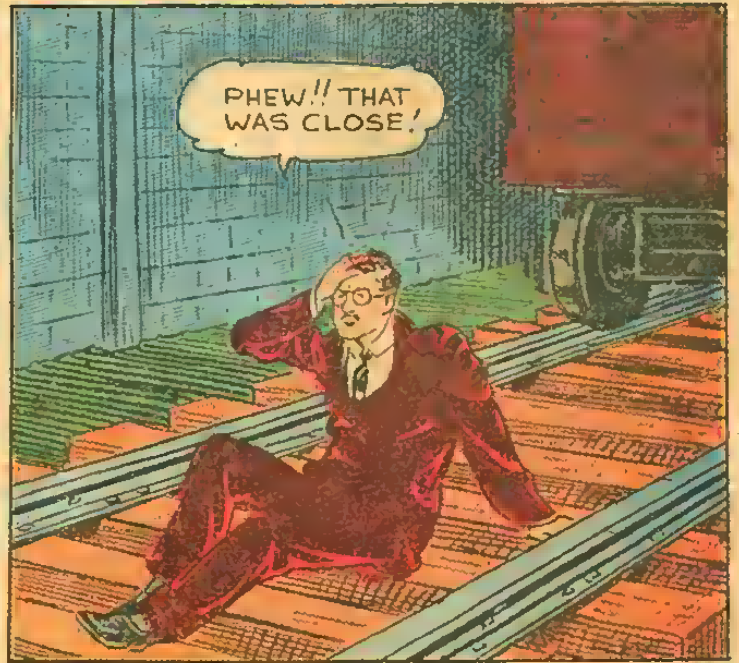
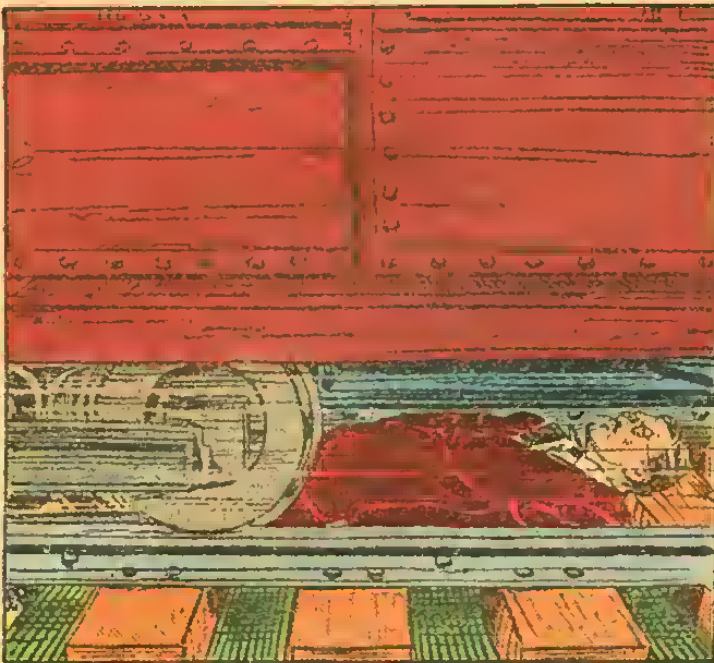














NOW TO GET OUT OF HERE WITHOUT BEING SEEN!



MOTT STREET, CHINATOWN!

YES, SIR



ABOUT ALL I NEED NOW IS TO HAVE THE HOLDERS OF RINGS ONE AND SIX DROP THROUGH THE ROOF OF THIS CAB!



LEONG WAM, CHINESE IMPORTS



I WANT TO SEE LEONG WAM

FOLLOW ME, PLEASE



— AND HERE IS TAUBNECK'S LETTER TO ME —



MEANWHILE —

I WISH TO SEE LEONG WAM

FOLLOW ME, PLEASE



VERY WELL, MR. BENSON, YOU SHALL HAVE YOUR CHECK. I—

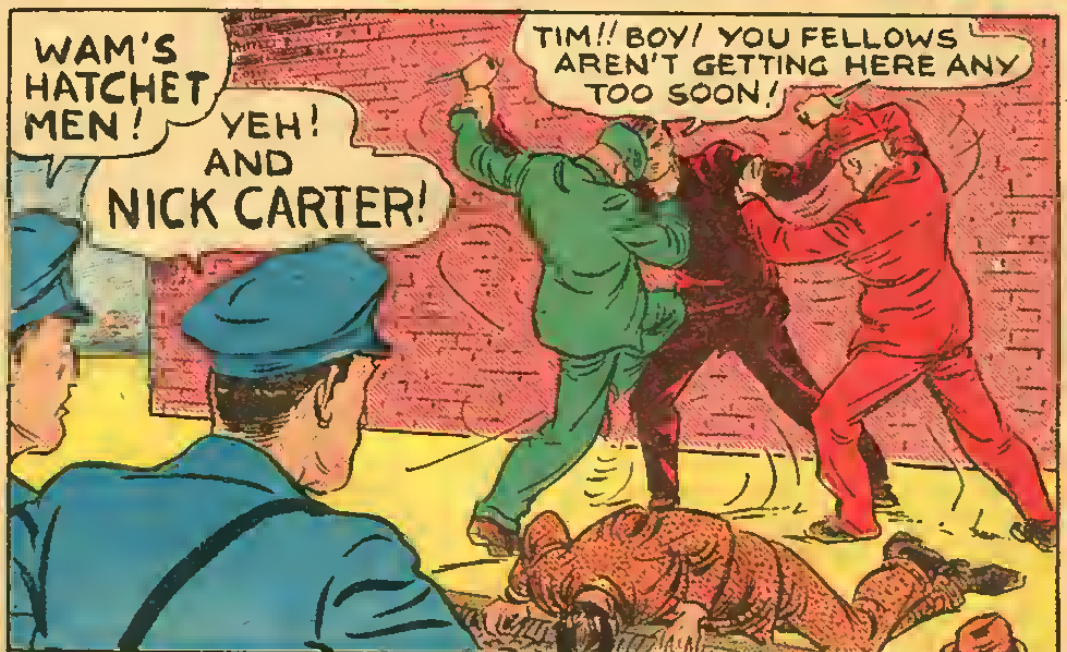
LEONG WAM! THAT MAN IS AN IMPOSTER! I'M BENSON!













# Adventures of the Air Trails Boys

LISTEN, FELLOWS! I'VE GREAT NEWS FOR YOU! A 'G' MAN WAS IN MY HOUSE LAST NIGHT AND ASKED IF WE COULD HELP LOCATE A LARGE UNDERGROUND STILL SOMEWHERE IN THIS SECTION! I TOLD HIM YES!

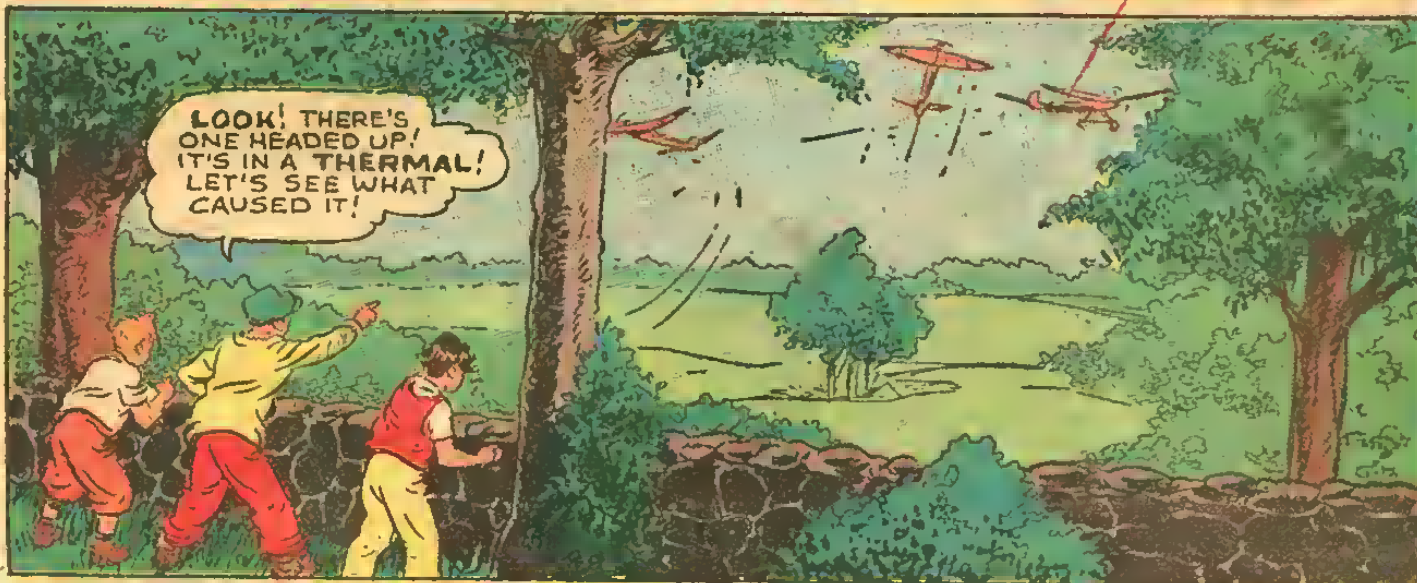
THAT'D BE SWELL- IF WE CAN FIND IT!

YEH! BUT HOW!?

THE 'G' MAN TOLD ME THESE UNDERGROUND STILLS USE OIL- OR POSSIBLY CHARCOAL SO AS NOT TO DISCLOSE THE LOCATION BY SMOKE! OIL OR CHARCOAL WOULD CAUSE A DEFINITE THERMAL! I PLAN TO FLY OUR PLANES OVER THE TERRITORY AND WHEN WE SEE ONE RISE SUDDENLY- WE'LL INVESTIGATE!



LOOK! THERE'S ONE HEADED UP! IT'S IN A THERMAL! LET'S SEE WHAT CAUSED IT!



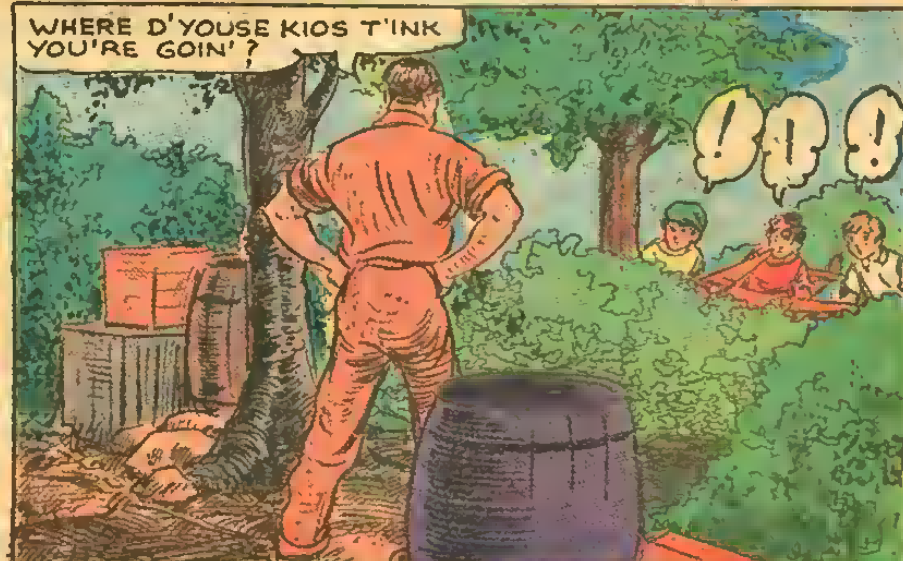
THIS MUST BE THE SPOT!

YEH! IT WENT UP RIGHT OVER 'BOUT HERE

WE BETTER BE CAREFUL NOW! WE DON'T WANT T'GET CAUGHT AND SPOIL EVERYTHING!



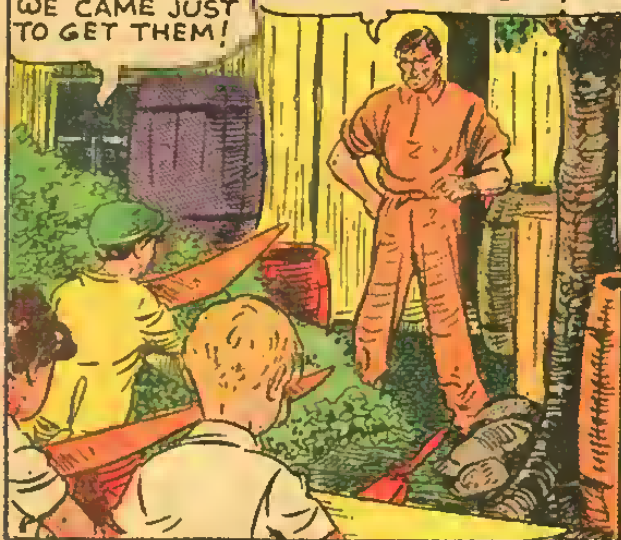
WHERE D'YOUSE KIOS T'INK YOU'RE GOIN'?





WE SAW OUR PLANES ALL LAND AROUND IN HERE - SO WE CAME JUST TO GET THEM!

ALL RIGHT! BUT WAIT HERE! AN' DON'T TRY T'GET AWAY EITHER - Y'MIGHT GET HURT!



THE 'G' MAN IS STOPPIN' AT THE MARLBORO HOTEL! WE'VE GOT T'GET THIS NOTE TO HIM!

MY PLANE HAS 'NOUGH GAS IN IT T'TAKE IT TO TOWN!

HURRY UP!! THEY'LL BE OUT IN A MINUTE!

THREE KIDS OUT THERE! THEY FOLLERED THEIR PLANES HERE! WHAT'LL WE DO WITH 'EM?

I'LL LOOK 'EM OVER!



WELL! WHAT'LL WE DO WITH 'EM?

WHY - WE CAN'T LET THESE BOYS STAY HERE! WE'RE HUNTERS - Y'KNOW - AN' THEY MAY BE IN THE WAY HERE - IN OUR HUNTING LODGE!

NICE LOOKIN' GADGETS Y'HAVE THERE BOYS! I S'POSE Y'FOLLOW THEM WHERE - EVER THEY LAND -

OH SURE! WE COULDN'T AFFORD TO LOSE 'EM!

YOU JUS' BET WE COULDN'T!



GO DOWN TO THAT OPEN SPACE AND LET ME SEE HOW Y'WORK THEM.



WHAT'S THE MATTER WITHCHA!? ARE Y' CRAZY!? THAT PLANE IS HEADED FOR TOWN - AN' MAYBE THERE'S A NOTE IN IT!

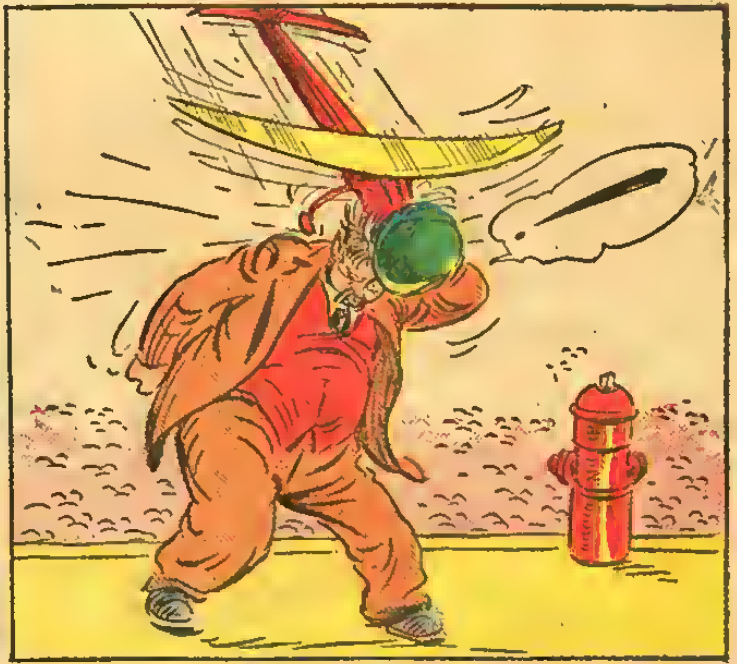
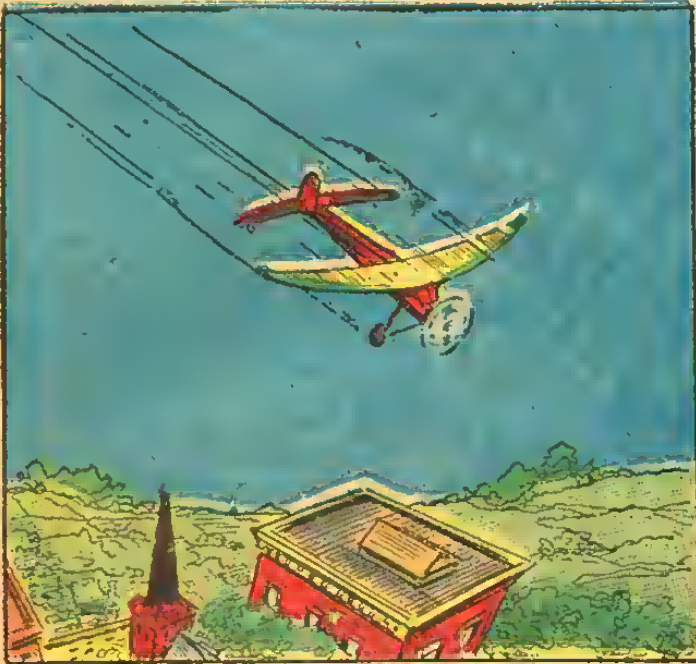
SAY! MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT AT THAT!! THIS AIN'T OUR PENCIL!



AN' YOUSE IS SHUT UP! START S'POSED T'BE PACKIN'! WE GOTTA THE BRAINS OF GET OUTA HERE! THIS OUTFIT! AN' WE'RE TAKIN' WHY - THESE LITTLE WISE GUYS WITH US!







-AN' I DEMAND THAT SOMETHIN' BE DONE 'BOUT IT! I-

WE FIRST HAVE TO KNOW WHO OWNS IT! - THEN - SAY! THERE'S A NOTE IN IT!

MR. BEACH - THIS IS OFFICER LYNCH! - I HAVE A NOTE HERE FOR YOU - FOUND IT IN A MODEL PLANE THAT LANDED ON MY BEAT! IT SAYS - 'AM AT PETTY'S COVE - IN TROUBLE - TRAVIS'

HE'S FOUND THE UNDERGROUND STILL! GET SOME HELP! MEET ME DOWN STAIRS! I'M FROM THE FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION -

**L**  
**A**  
**T**  
**E**  
**R**

ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! COME ON! WE'LL RIDE IN OUR CAR!

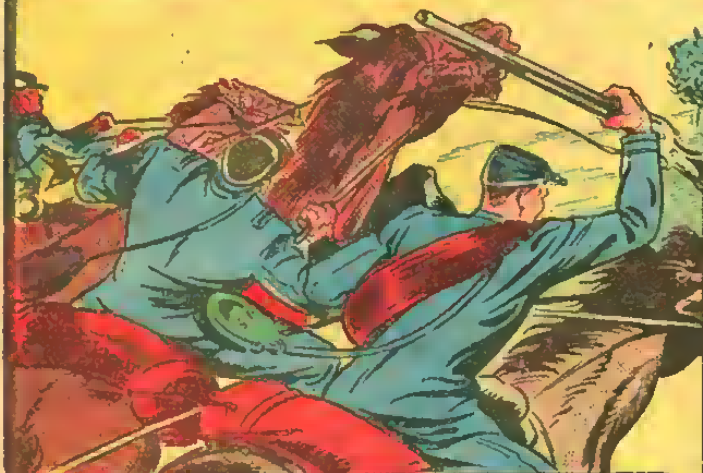
THANKS, BOYS! YOU'LL BE REWARDED FOR THIS!

I ONLY WANT MY PLANE BACK.

IT'S A GOOD THING THAT JACK'S PLANE HIT THE THERMAL, MR. BEACH!



# DIAMOND DICK



SERGEANT DREW AND TWO SOLDIERS WERE TAKING SOME ARMY HORSES FROM FORT ADVANCE TO AN OUTPOST TWENTY MILES AWAY. ON THE WAY, THEY WERE ATTACKED BY A BAND OF INDIANS LED BY A WHITE MAN. OUTNUMBERED, THE MEN FLED AND THE INDIANS MADE OFF WITH THE HORSES. WE FIND SERGEANT DREW AND THE SOLDIERS RETURNING TO FORT ADVANCE...



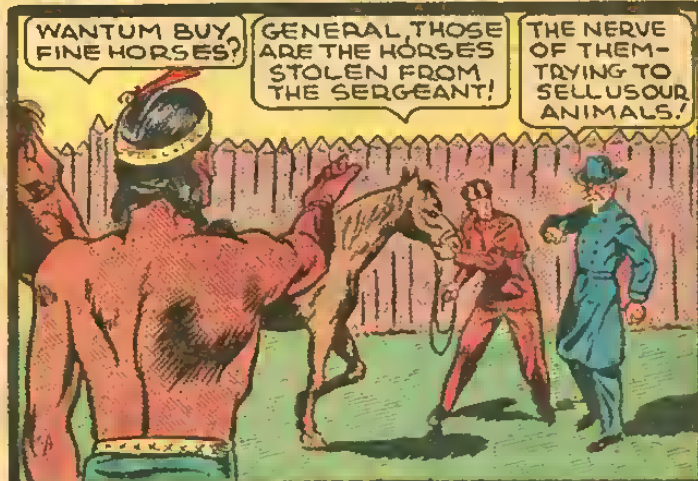
"AND THEY WERE LED BY A WHITE MAN!"

THAT'S JAKE BIGLEY, THE RENEGADE. DIDN'T EXPECT HIM TO TURN UP IN THIS NECK OF THE WOODS.

SERGEANT DREW TELLS GENERAL CUSTER AND DIAMOND DICK OF THE ATTACK.



HOURS LATER, A FEW BRAVES RIDE UP TO THE FORT LEADING A BAND OF HORSES.



WANTUM BUY FINE HORSES?

GENERAL, THOSE ARE THE HORSES STOLEN FROM THE SERGEANT!

THE NERVE OF THEM- TRYING TO SELL US OUR ANIMALS!



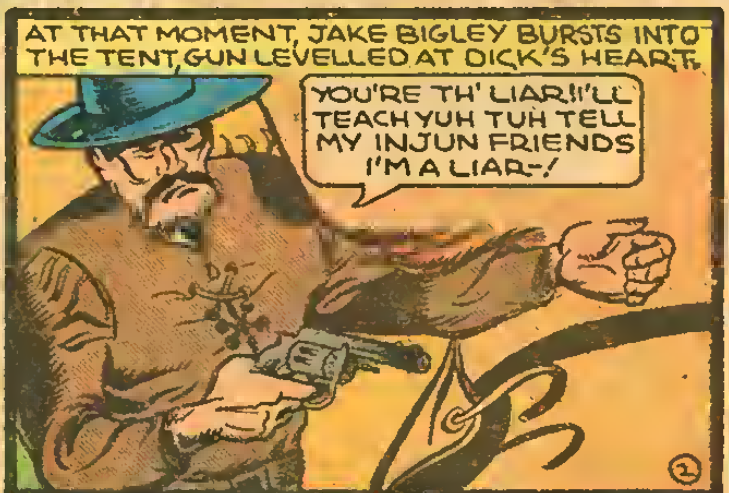
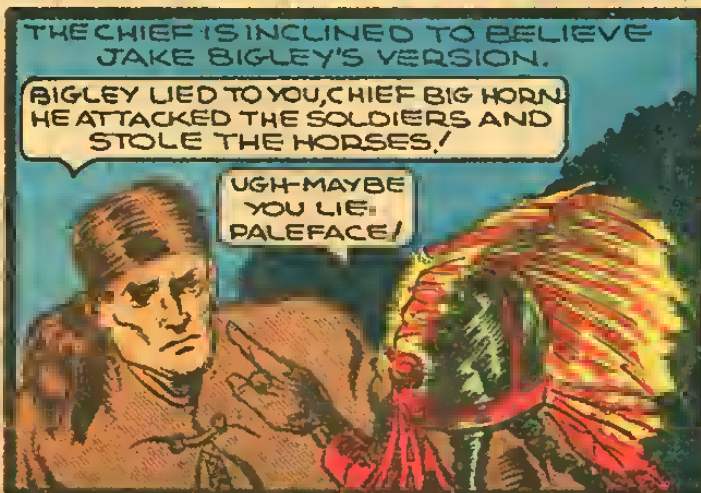
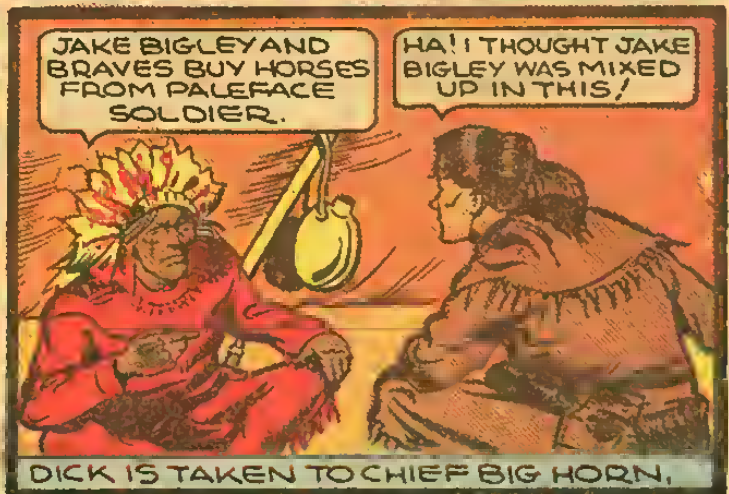
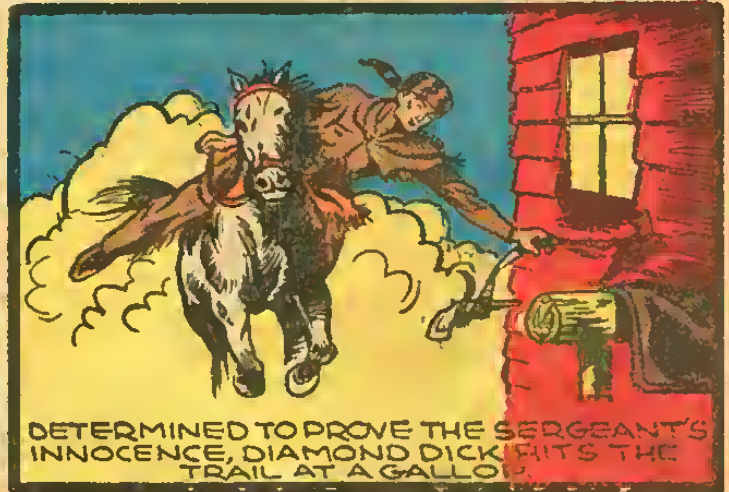
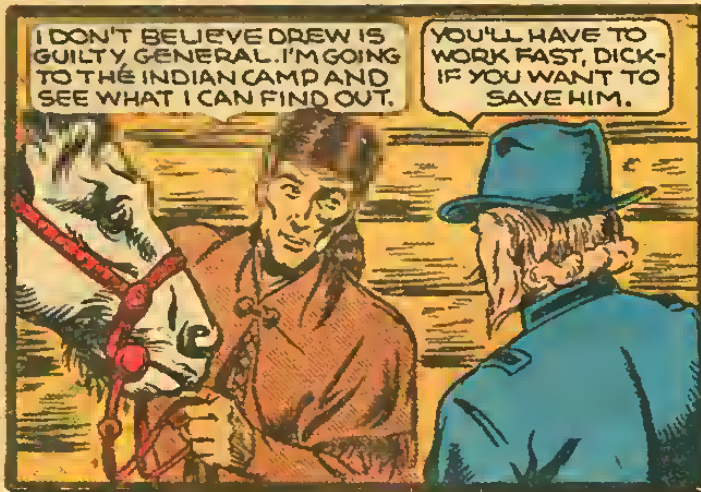
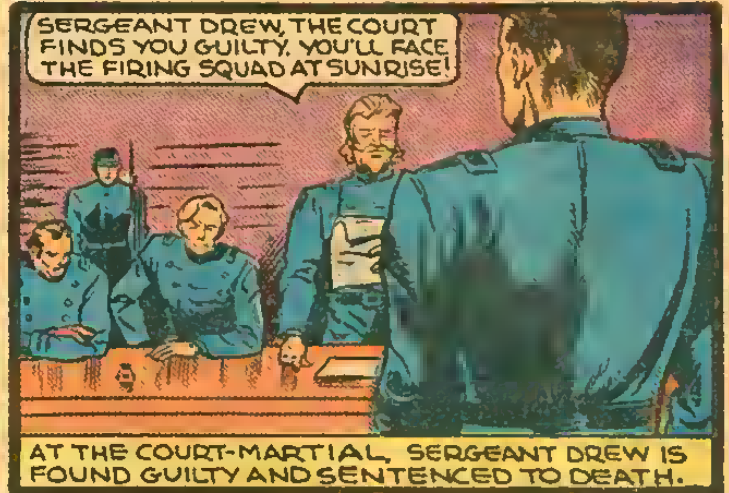
YOU THIEVIN' REDSKIN- YOU STOLE THOSE HORSES!

NO-NO! WE BUY 'EM FROM DALEFACE SOLDIER-SERGEANT DREW!



FEARING THAT THE GENERAL WILL CALL OUT THE GARRISON AND RETAKE THE HORSES, THE INDIANS MAKE A DASH FOR THE WOODS AND ESCAPE. COME BACK HERE, YOU RED DEVILS!







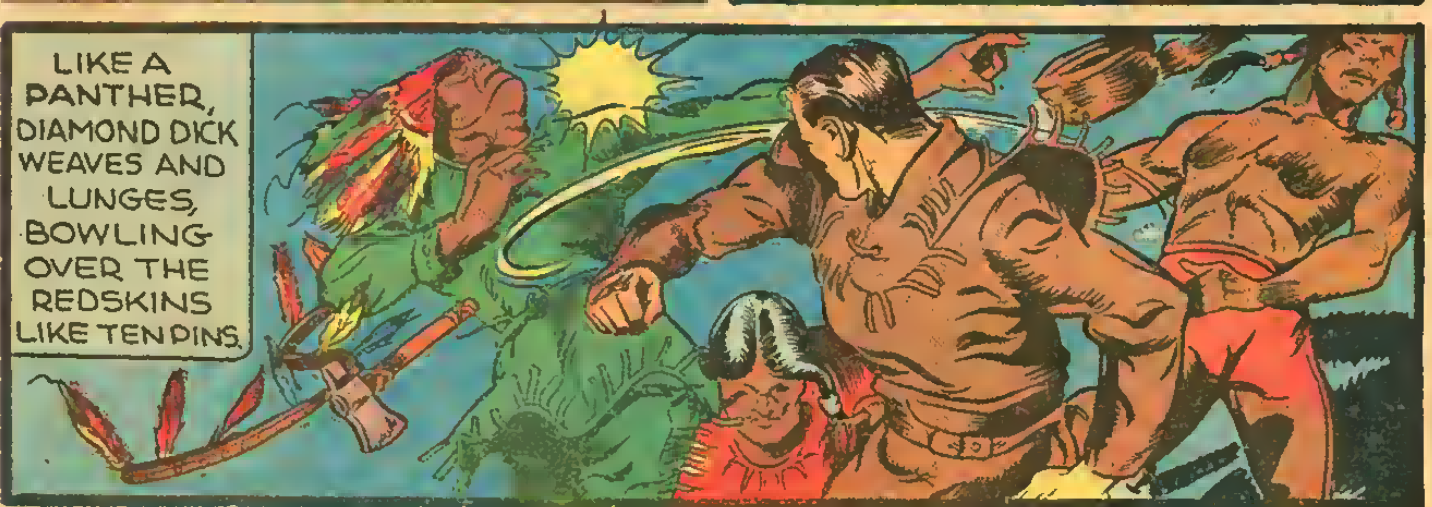
BUT DIAMOND DICK, LIKE A STROKE OF LIGHTNING, DRAWS BOTH GUNS AND SHOOTS.



BUT AS DICK LEAVES THE TEPEE...



LIKE A PANTHER, DIAMOND DICK WEAVES AND LUNGES, BOWLING OVER THE REDSKINS LIKE TEN PINS.



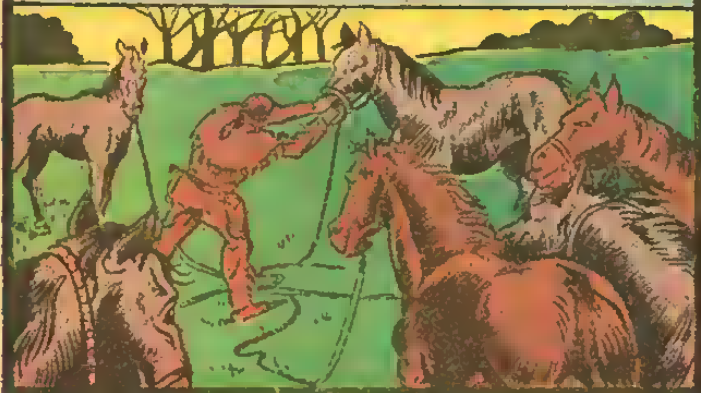
THE INDIANS SUBDUED, DIAMOND DICK ESCAPES INTO THE BRUSH.



DICK FINDS THE STOLEN HORSES. HE QUICKLY DISPOSES OF THE LONE GUARD.



WORKING SILENTLY AS ONLY AN INDIAN SCOUT CAN, DIAMOND DICK TIES THE HALTERS OF THE HORSES TOGETHER.



BUT AS DICK IS LEADING THE HORSES AWAY, JAKE BIGLEY, WHOSE HEAD WAS MERELY CREASED BY DICK'S BULLET, RECOVERS AND CROUCHES IN A TREE—





KNIFE IN HAND, JAKE BIGLEY LEAPS DOWN UPON THE UNSUSPECTING INDIAN SCOUT.



THIS IS YOUR FINISH, HOMBRE!

EVEN AS THEY WENT TO THE GROUND TOGETHER, DIAMOND DICK GRABBED JAKE BIGLEY'S KNIFE-HAND AND PREVENTED HIM FROM SINKING THE BLADE!



DICK OVERPOWERS HIS ASSAILANT AND DISARMS HIM.



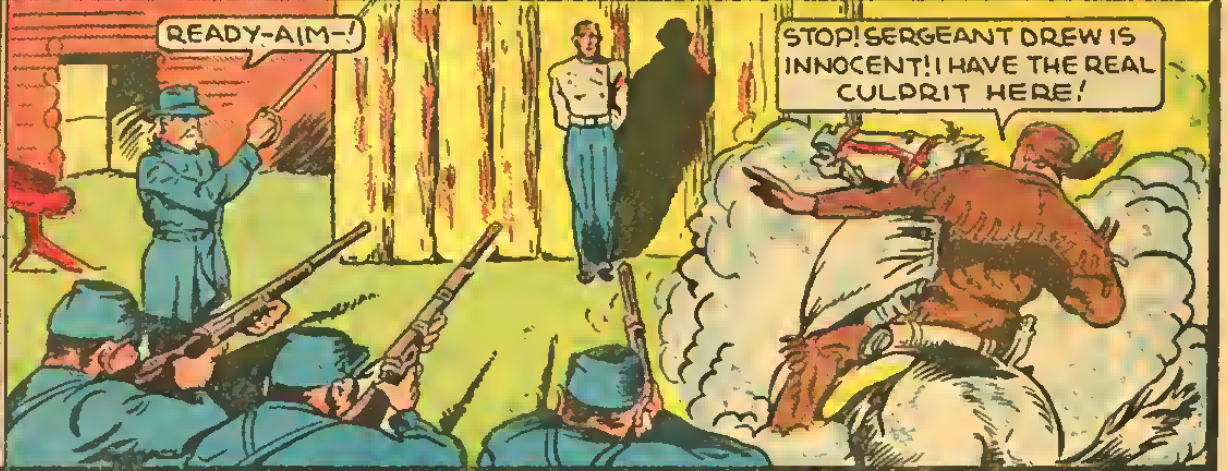
YOU'RE COMING BACK TO THE FORT WITH ME AND CONFESS, YOU SKUNK!

DIAMOND DICK HEADS BACK FOR THE FORT WITH HIS PRISONER AND THE STOLEN HORSES. DAWN IS BREAKING.



NOW TO SAVE SERGEANT DREW!

THE FIRING SQUAD IS READY TO CARRY OUT THE EXECUTION. BUT AT THAT MOMENT, DIAMOND DICK GALLOPS INTO VIEW AND STOPS THEM IN THE NICK OF TIME!



READY-AIM-!

STOP! SERGEANT DREW IS INNOCENT! I HAVE THE REAL CULDRIT HERE!

JAKE BIGLEY CONFESSED; SERGEANT DREW WAS SAVED FROM CERTAIN DEATH; AND THE STOLEN HORSES WERE RECOVERED-ALL THANKS TO THE COURAGE AND STRENGTH OF DIAMOND DICK.



DIAMOND DICK, YOU SAVED AN INNOCENT MAN FROM DEATH!

IT WAS LUCKY THAT I CAUGHT JAKE BIGLEY AND HE CONFESSED. I'M GLAD I GOT HERE IN TIME.



FOLLOW DIAMOND DICK, U.S. GOVERNMENT INDIAN SCOUT, AND OTHER REAL CHARACTERS OF THE OLD WEST IN EACH ISSUE

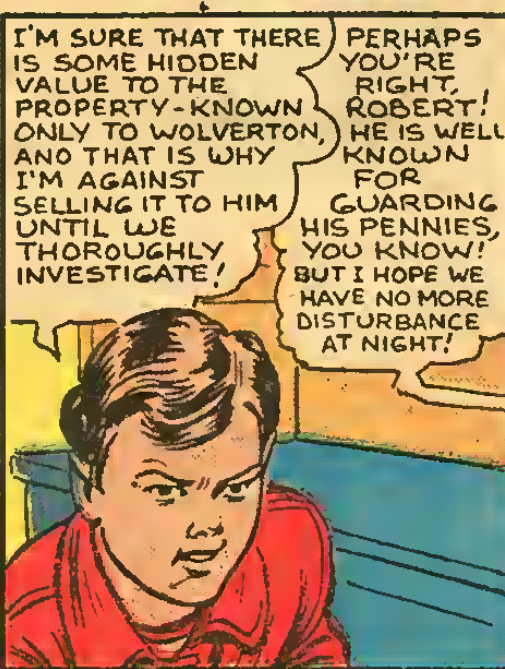
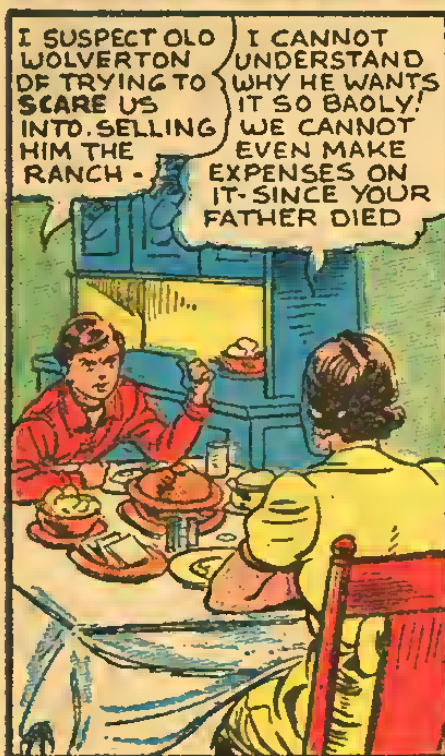
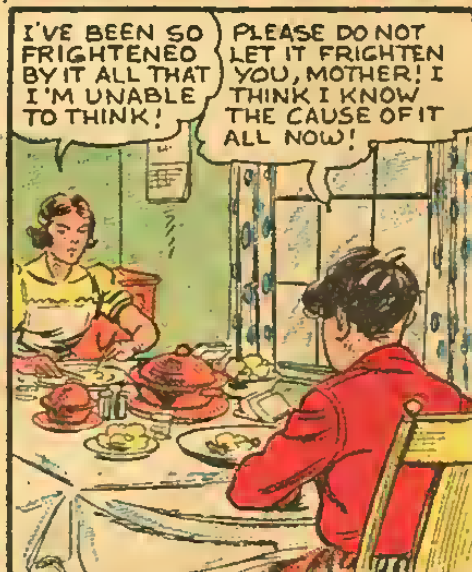
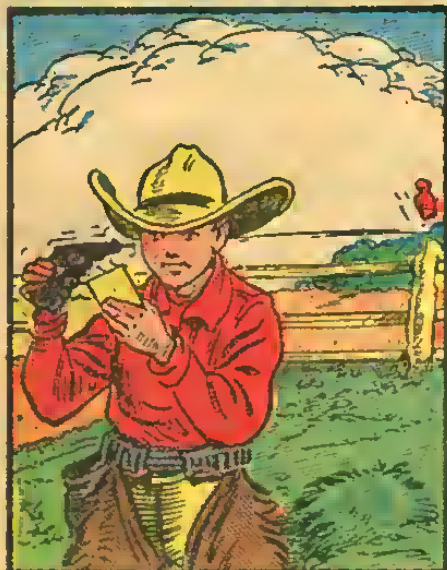


# BOB BURTON

## AND THE RANCH MYSTERY

BY

# HORATIO ALGER, JR.



SUPPER IS READY, ROBERT. MY! YOU'RE GETTING BETTER AND BETTER WITH YOUR SHOOTING!

THANK YOU, MOTHER, AND IT OUGHT TO CONVINCE YOU THAT I'M A PRETTY GOOD MATCH FOR ALL THE 'GHOSTS' AROUND HERE THE LAST FEW NIGHTS!

I'VE BEEN SO FRIGHTENED BY IT ALL THAT I'M UNABLE TO THINK!

PLEASE DO NOT LET IT FRIGHTEN YOU, MOTHER! I THINK I KNOW THE CAUSE OF IT ALL NOW!

I SUSPECT OLD WOLVERTON OF TRYING TO SCARE US INTO SELLING HIM THE RANCH -

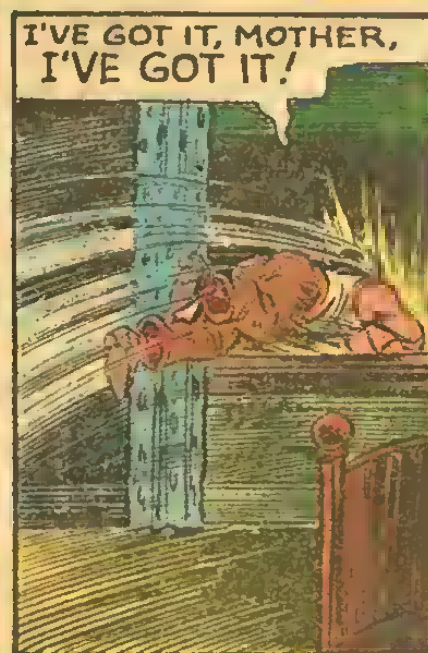
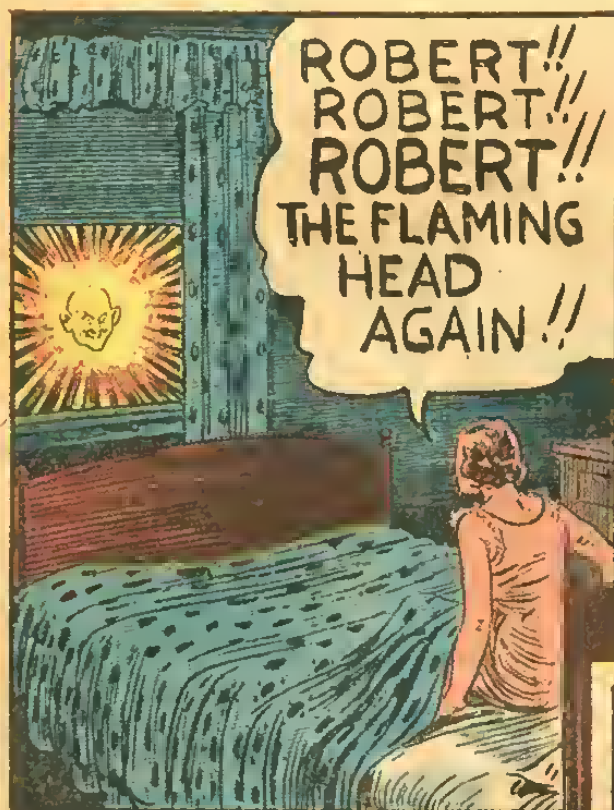
I CANNOT UNDERSTAND WHY HE WANTS IT SO BADLY! WE CANNOT EVEN MAKE EXPENSES ON IT - SINCE YOUR FATHER DIED

I'M SURE THAT THERE IS SOME HIDDEN VALUE TO THE PROPERTY - KNOWN ONLY TO WOLVERTON, AND THAT IS WHY I'M AGAINST SELLING IT TO HIM UNTIL WE THOROUGHLY INVESTIGATE!

PERHAPS YOU'RE RIGHT, ROBERT! HE IS WELL KNOWN FOR GUARDING HIS PENNIES, YOU KNOW! BUT I HOPE WE HAVE NO MORE DISTURBANCE AT NIGHT!

THAT NIGHT.

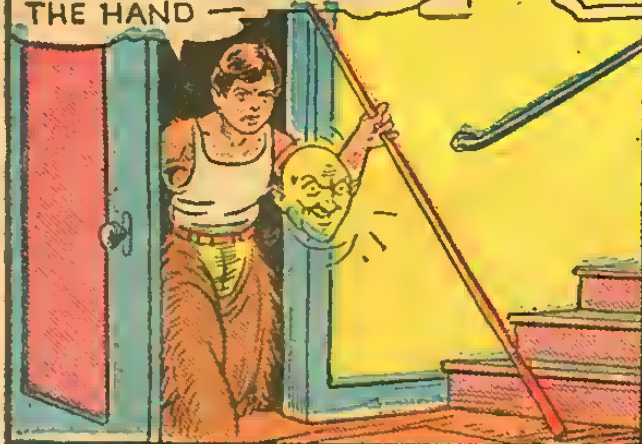






SEE, MOTHER! I TOLD YOU IT WAS NOTHING BUT TRICKERY! JUST AN OLD MASK TIED ON A LONG STICK- AND COVERED WITH PHOSPHOROUS TO MAKE IT GLOW IN THE DARK- LIKE A MATCH DOES WHEN RUBBED ON THE PALM OF

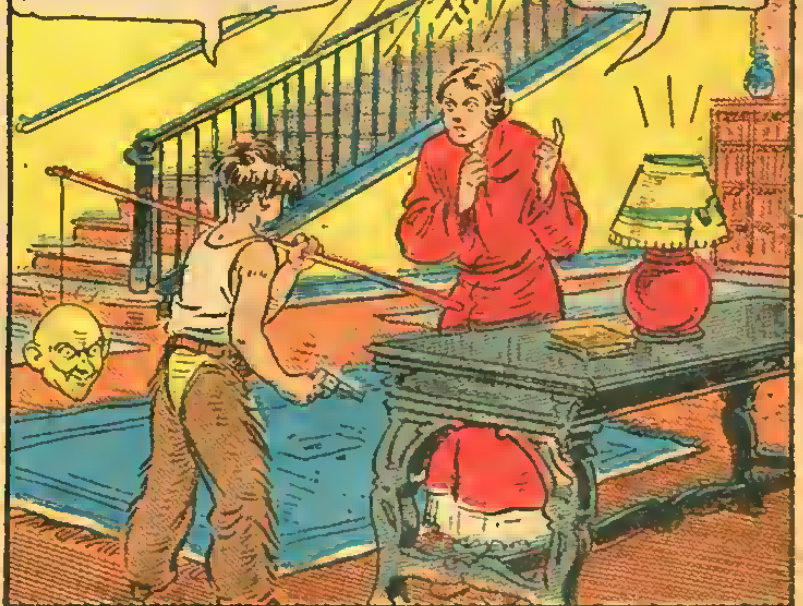
WELL! THAT CERTAINLY IS A RELIEF, ROBERT -



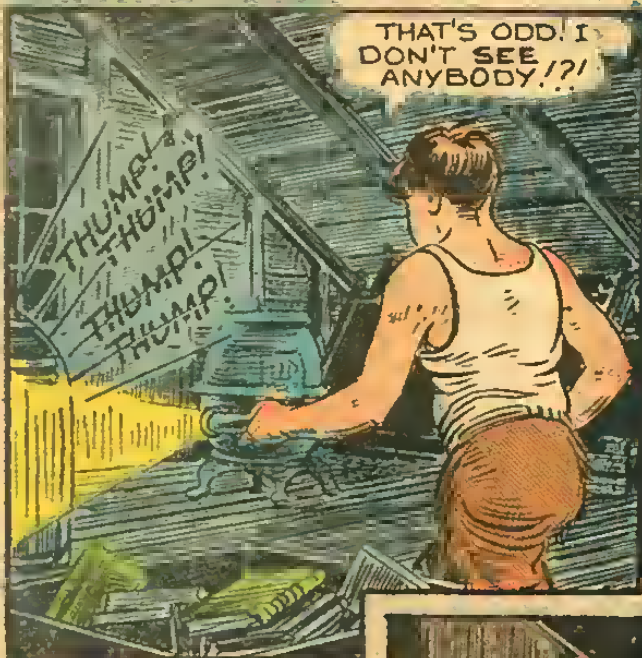
THE MAN BEHIND THIS TRICK GOT AWAY IN TIME! IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN OLD WOLVERTON HIMSELF - HE'S NOT THAT FAST! MAYBE ONE OF HIS -

THUMP!  
THUMP!  
THUMP!

ROBERT!  
THE  
FOOTSTEPS  
UPSTAIRS  
AGAIN!!



THAT'S ODD! I DON'T SEE ANYBODY!?!



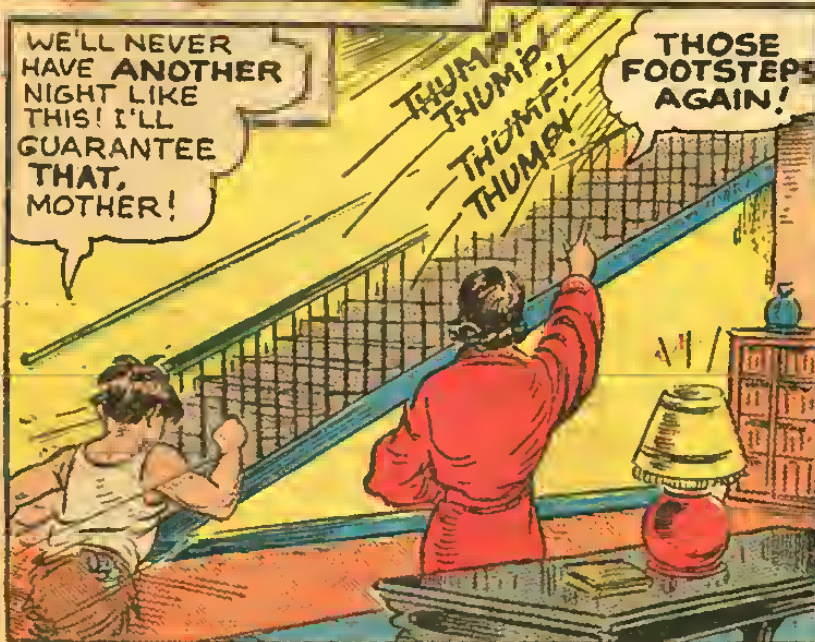
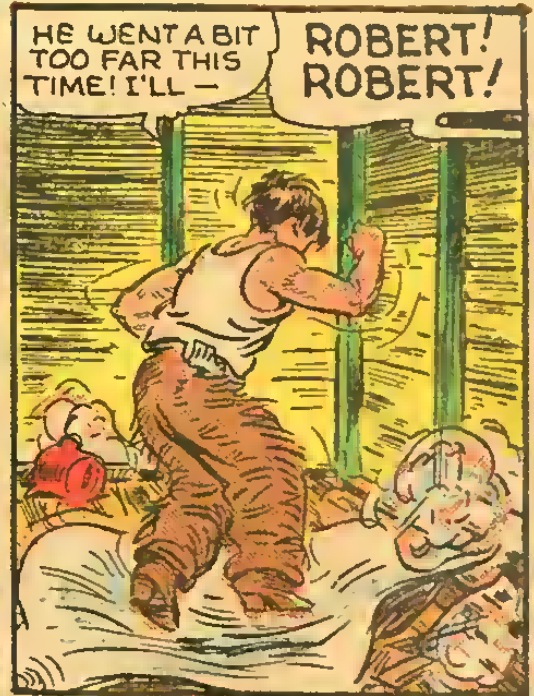
THOSE FOOTSTEPS DID COME FROM HERE! I -



A FLASHLIGHT!! SOMEBODY AT OUR BARN!











AND ONLY A DESPICABLE PERSON LIKE WOLVERTON COULD DO A THING LIKE THIS TO A POOR CAT! -

POOR LITTLE FELLOW! MAKING YOU SUFFER - JUST TO SCARE US INTO BELIEVING SOMEBODY WAS WALKING UP HERE! I'LL HAVE YOU COMFORTABLE IN NO TIME!



I'LL SEE HIM THE VERY FIRST THING IN THE MORNING - AND BELIEVE ME - HE'LL HAVE PLENTY TO ANSWER FOR!!

MEANWHILE

PLEASE! PLEASE - MR. WOLVERTON - DON'T HIT ME! PLEASE! I COULDN'T DO ANY MORE WORK TODAY! PLEASE GIVE ME SOMETHING TO EAT! PLEASE DON'T HIT ME!

Y' LITTLE GOOD-FOR-NOTHIN'! A LOT OF THANKS I'M GETTING FOR ADOPTIN' YOU!

ALL RIGHT! STAY UP THERE - ALL NIGHT! - MAYBE T'MORROW Y' WON'T BE SO LAZY!



I CAN'T STAND IT ANY LONGER! WORK! WORK! WORK! NO FOOD! NO PLAY! WHIPPINGS AND EVERYTHING! HE'S TOO MEAN TO BE MY GUARDIAN! I'M RUNNING AWAY - RIGHT NOW!

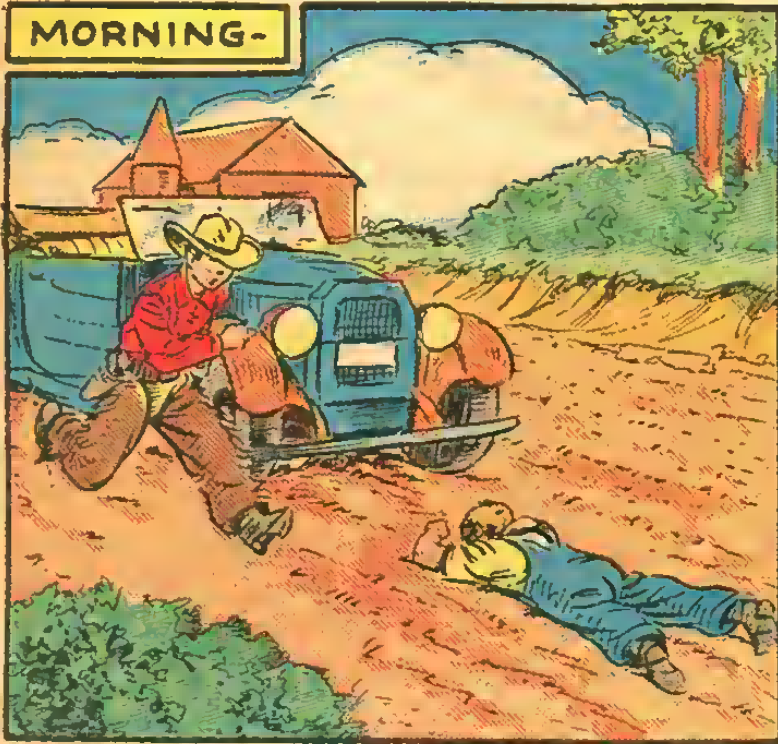
AND SO LITTLE SAM WOLVERTON STARTS ON HIS JOURNEY IN QUEST OF A NEW AND BETTER HOME -

BUT DOES NOT GET VERY FAR - OVERCOME BY HUNGER AND FATIGUE - HE HAS FAINTED BY THE ROADSIDE



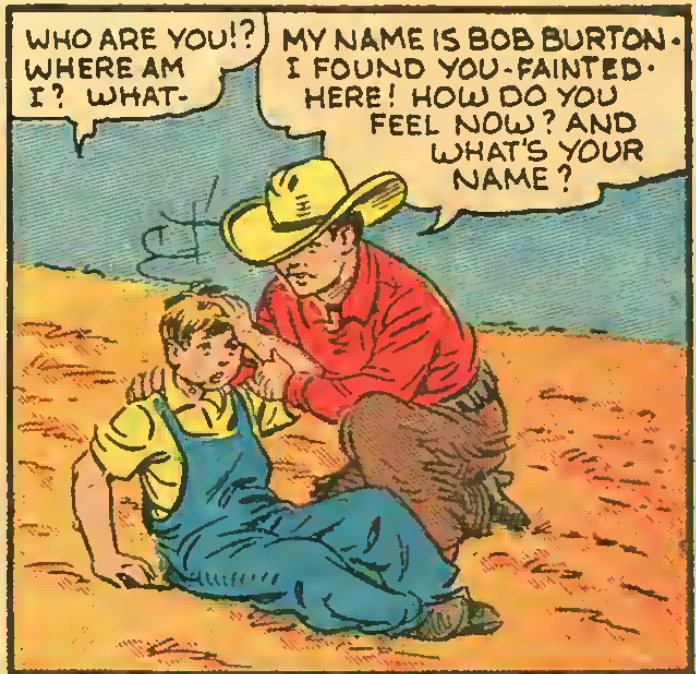


MORNING-



WHO ARE YOU!?  
WHERE AM  
I? WHAT-

MY NAME IS BOB BURTON.  
I FOUND YOU-FAINTED-  
HERE! HOW DO YOU  
FEEL NOW? AND  
WHAT'S YOUR  
NAME?



I FEEL BETTER.  
I GUESS! MY  
NAME IS SAM  
WOLVERTON-  
I-

WHAT! I  
NEVER  
KNEW THAT  
WOLVERTON  
HAD A SON!



HE HASN'T!  
HE ADOPTED  
ME WHEN,  
MY REAL  
FATHER  
DIED! BUT  
I'M RUNNING  
AWAY- HE'S  
TOO MEAN!

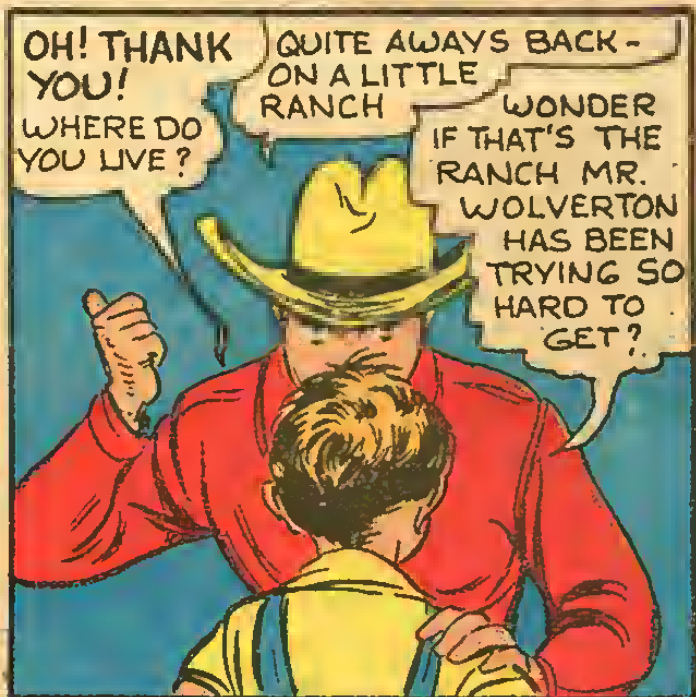
I'LL SAY HE'S  
MEAN! SAY!  
WHY NOT  
STAY WITH  
MOTHER AND  
ME - FOR  
AWHILE  
ANYWAY -  
WE HAVE  
PLENTY  
OF ROOM-



OH! THANK  
YOU!  
WHERE DO  
YOU LIVE?

QUITE AWAYS BACK -  
ON A LITTLE  
RANCH

WONDER  
IF THAT'S THE  
RANCH MR.  
WOLVERTON  
HAS BEEN  
TRYING SO  
HARD TO  
GET?



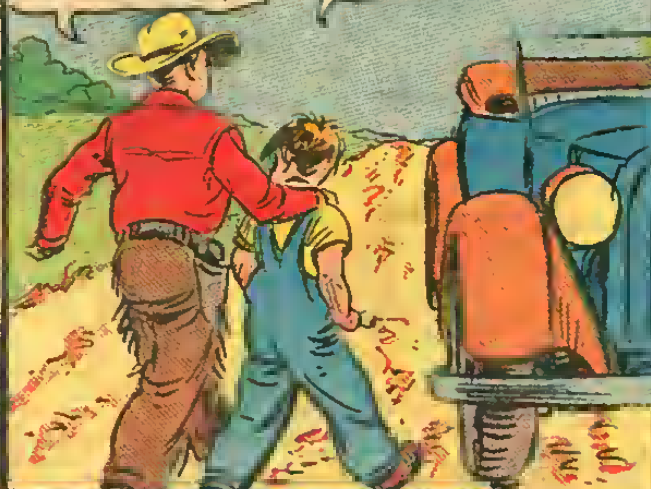
YES! YES! DO  
YOU KNOW WHY  
HE WANTS  
IT SO  
BADLY!?

YES- I  
THINK I  
DO- BUT  
HE'D KILL ME  
IF HE EVER  
FOUND OUT  
I TOLD!



YOU CAN TRUST  
ME, SAM!  
BESIDES- I'VE GOT  
SOME BUSINESS  
TO SETTLE WITH  
HIM MYSELF!

HE FOUND A TREASURE MAP  
ON SOME OLD ABANDONED  
PROPERTY HE BOUGHT  
A SHORT WHILE  
AGO-



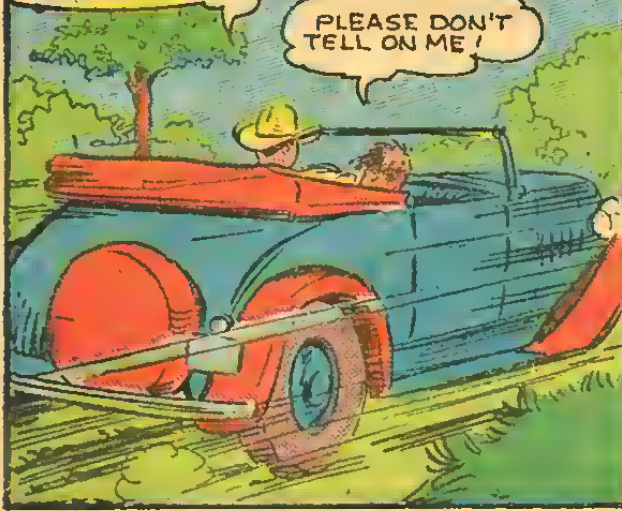
-AND ACCORDING TO THAT  
MAP- YOUR HOUSE IS  
BUILT RIGHT OVER THE  
SPOT WHERE A LARGE  
TREASURE CHEST  
IS BURIED-





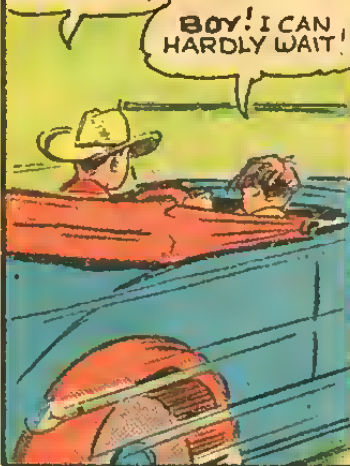
SO THAT'S WHY HE'S BEEN TRYING TO SCARE US OUT - BURN US OUT - GET US OUT ANYWAY AT ALL! I KNEW THE PROPERTY HAD SOME UNSEEN VALUE - KNOWN ONLY TO HIM!

PLEASE DON'T TELL ON ME!



OF COURSE NOT, SAM!! AND - IF ALL GOES WELL - YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE A REAL HOME FROM NOW ON!

BOY! I CAN HARDLY WAIT!



LATER

OH! HELLO, MRS. BURTON! — SO YOU'VE DECIDED TO SELL THE RANCH TO ME! WELL! THAT'S FINE! I'LL BE RIGHT OVER!



HA-HA-HA! THE FOOLS! THINKING THAT I'M PAYING SEVEN THOUSAND DOLLARS JUST FOR THAT OLD PROPERTY ALONE! IF THEY ONLY KNEW WHAT IS BURIED UNDER THEIR HOUSE! HA-HA-HA!



— AND HERE'S THE CHECK FOR FULL PAYMENT, MRS. BURTON! I WOULD LIKE TO TAKE IMMEDIATE POSSESSION OF THE PROPERTY.

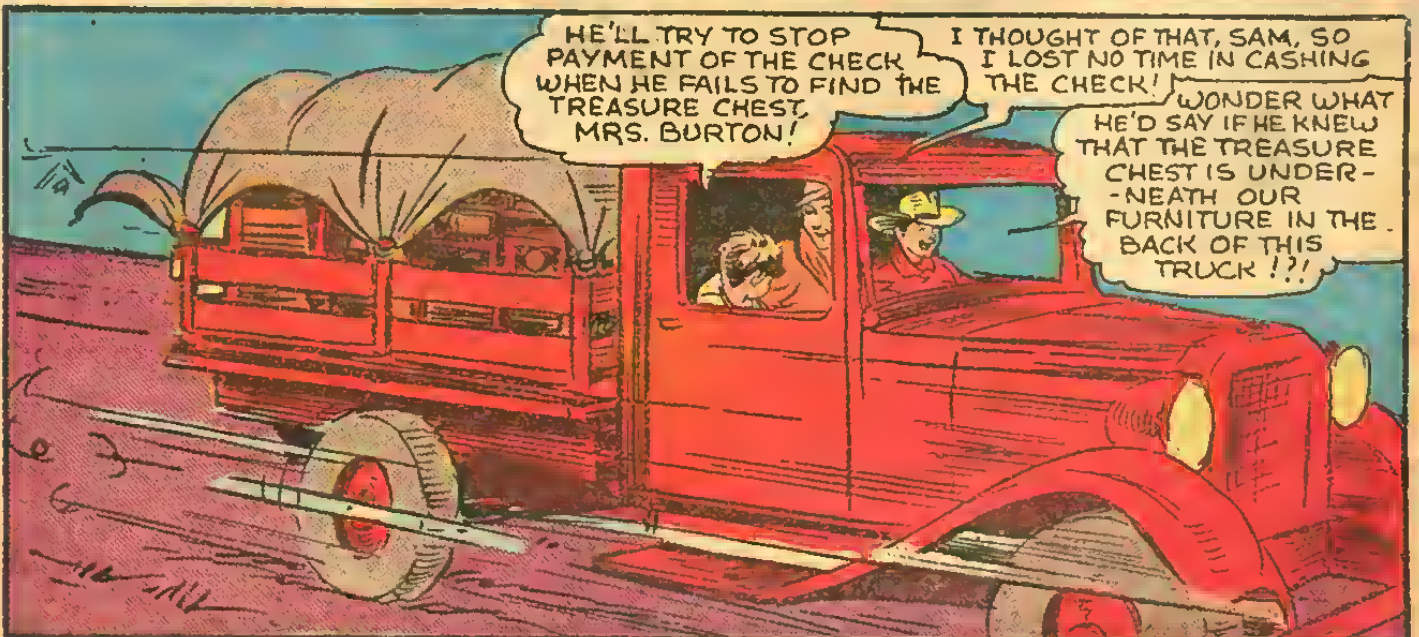
THANK YOU! YOU MAY TAKE IMMEDIATE POSSESSION, MR. WOLVERTON! ROBERT HAS THE TRUCK PACKED WITH WHAT BELONGINGS WE WISH TO TAKE WITH US - AND WE ARE LEAVING RIGHT AWAY!



HE'LL TRY TO STOP PAYMENT OF THE CHECK WHEN HE FAILS TO FIND THE TREASURE CHEST, MRS. BURTON!

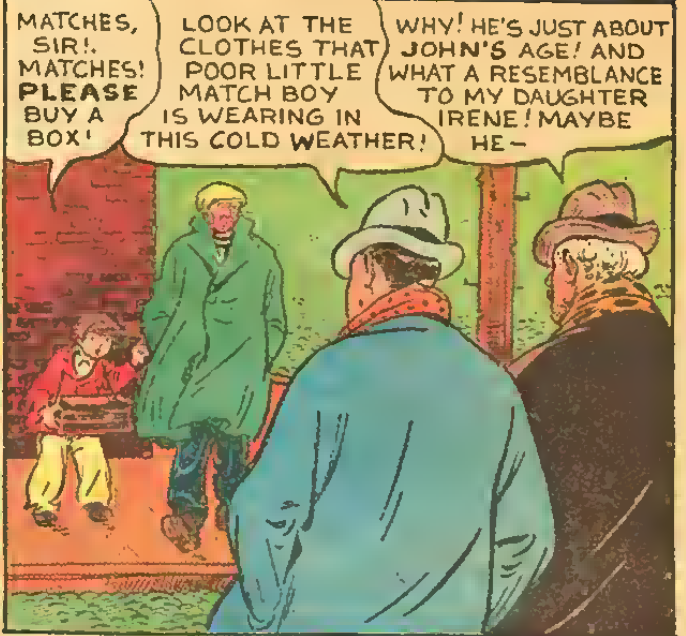
I THOUGHT OF THAT, SAM, SO I LOST NO TIME IN CASHING THE CHECK!

WONDER WHAT HE'D SAY IF HE KNEW THAT THE TREASURE CHEST IS UNDER - NEATH OUR FURNITURE IN THE BACK OF THIS TRUCK!?!





# MARK THE MATCH- BOY - BY - HORATIO ALGER, JR.



NO, MR. BATES, NO! HIS NAME IS MARK MANTON / BEN GIBSON, MY BOOTBLACK, INTRODUCED ME TO HIM SOME TIME AGO.



MATCHES! MA - OH! HELLO, MR. HUNTER!

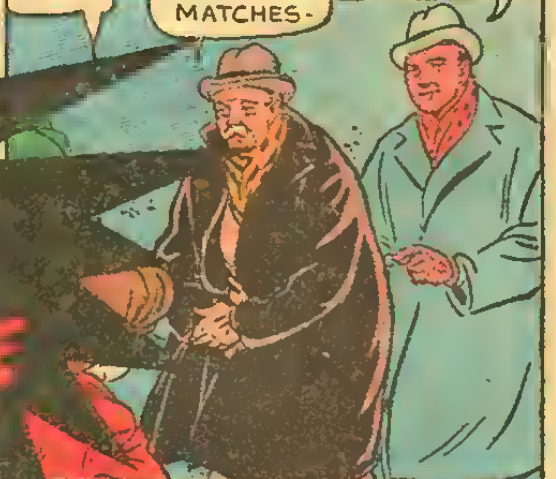
HELLO, MARK, HOW'S BUSINESS?

HOW OLD ARE YOU, SON?

BUSINESS IS BAD, MR. HUNTER. I'M TEN YEARS OLD, SIR.

-TEN- THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT. HERE'S A QUARTER, SON. KEEP THE MATCHES-

AND HERE'S ANOTHER ONE. MARK, KEEP UP YOUR COURAGE



COMING  
IN THE  
NEXT ISSUE

-FIFTY-TWO CENTS! MAYBE IT'S SAFE FOR ME TO GO HOME NOW-



WE'VE GOT TO GO NOW. I'VE GOT TO GO NOW. I'VE GOT TO GO NOW.



DIDN'T SELL MUCH, H! SO I SEE! ONLY THREE BOXES GONE! WHAT HAVE Y'BEEN DOING ALL DAY!?

I TRIED TO SELL MORE, MOTHER WATSON, BUT COULDN'T - BUT A MAN-





# BILL BARNES

BILL BARNES, AMERICA'S ACE—Bill Barnes is truly America's ace. He is the famous aviator whose stories have long been the favorite of DOC SAVAGE Magazine and AIR TRAILS. They are illustrated by a prominent aviator and all of the incidents are accurate.

THAT'S QUEER, BILL. HERE'S AN S-O-S, BUT IT'S ADDRESSED TO YOU—PERSONALLY.

LET'S SEE IT, TONY.



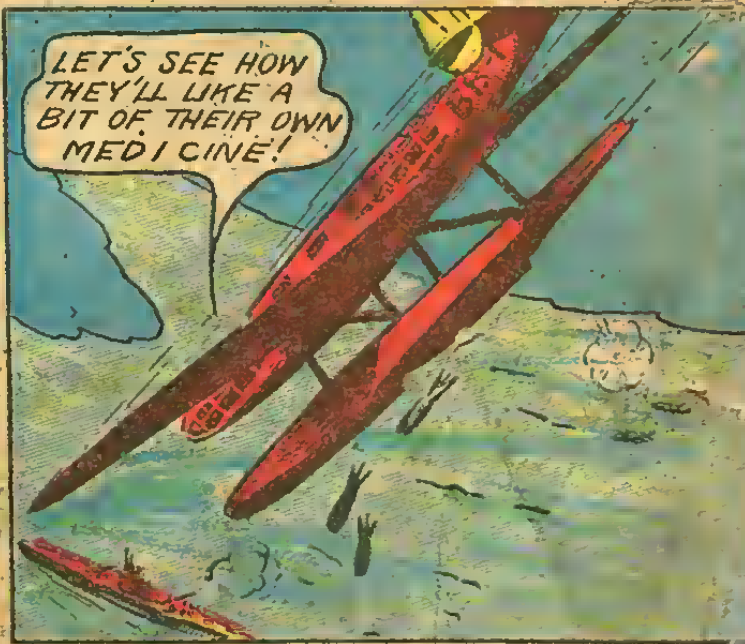
GOOD LORD! — IT'S FROM OLD CAPT. MICHAELS. — THEY'VE TORPEDOED THE "SEA WITCH" AND THERE ARE NO SHIPS NEARBY.— GET HER BEARINGS, TONY, WHILE I ORDER MY PLANE!



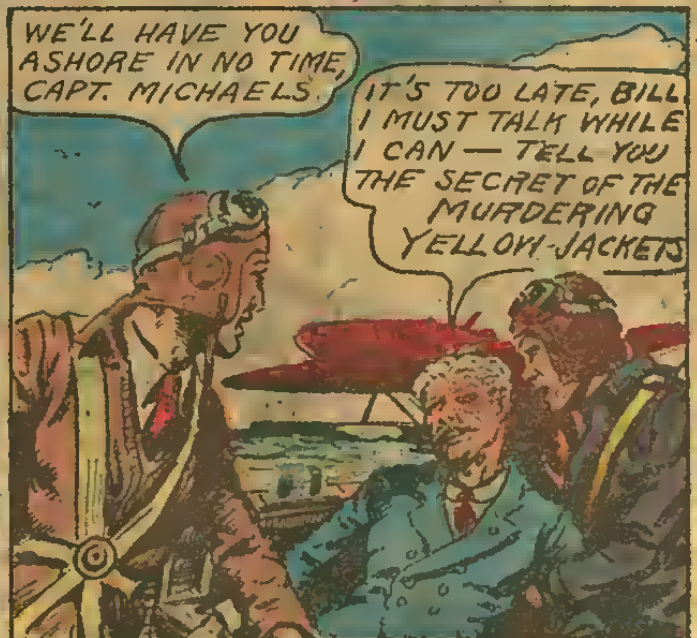
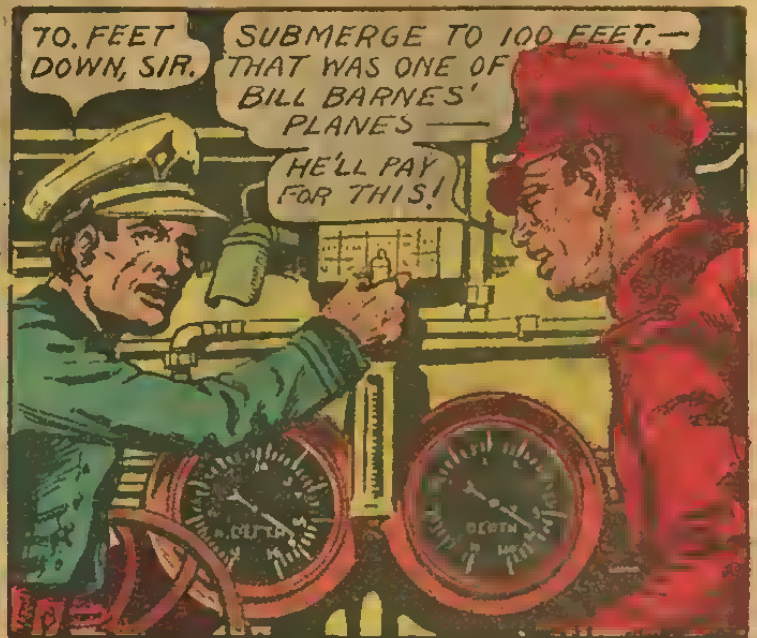
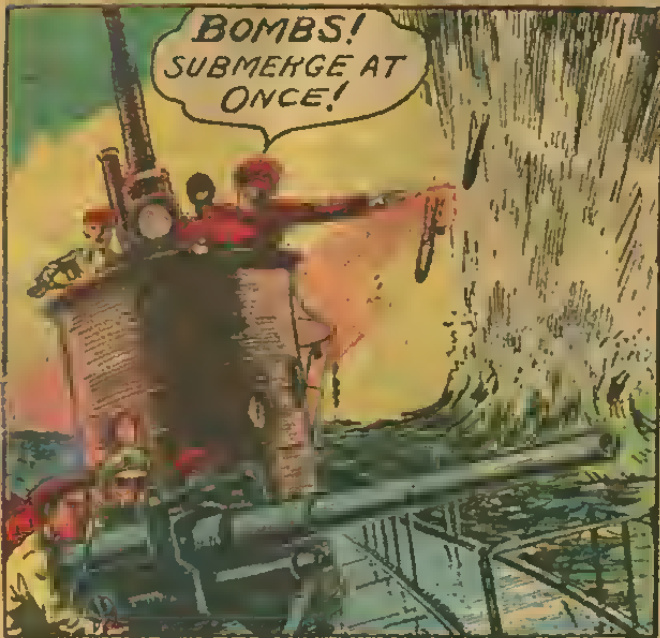
THEY'RE SHELLING THE LIFEBOATS — THE RATS!



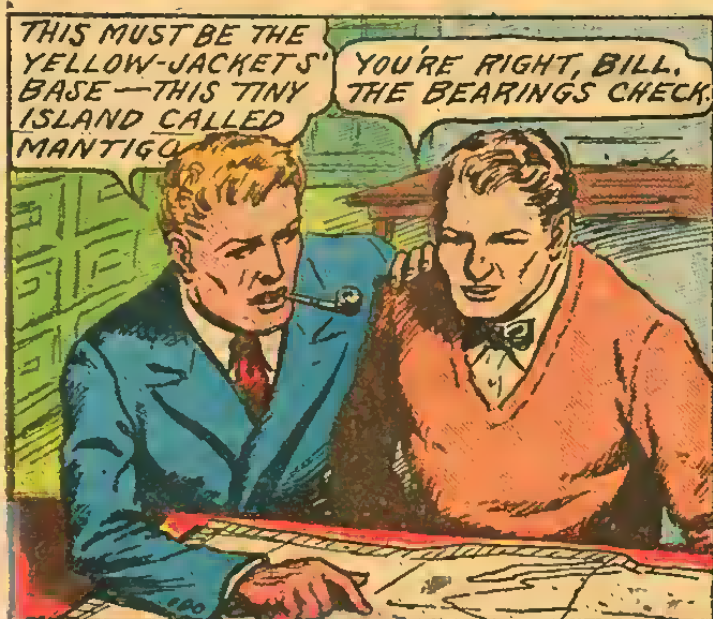
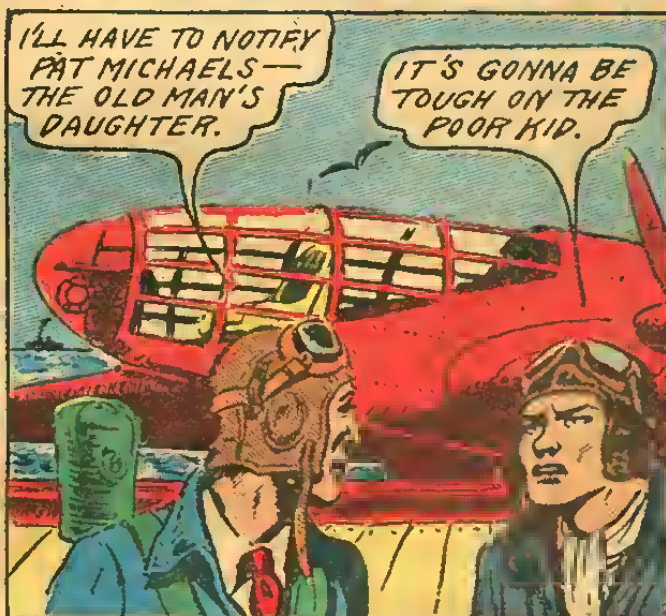
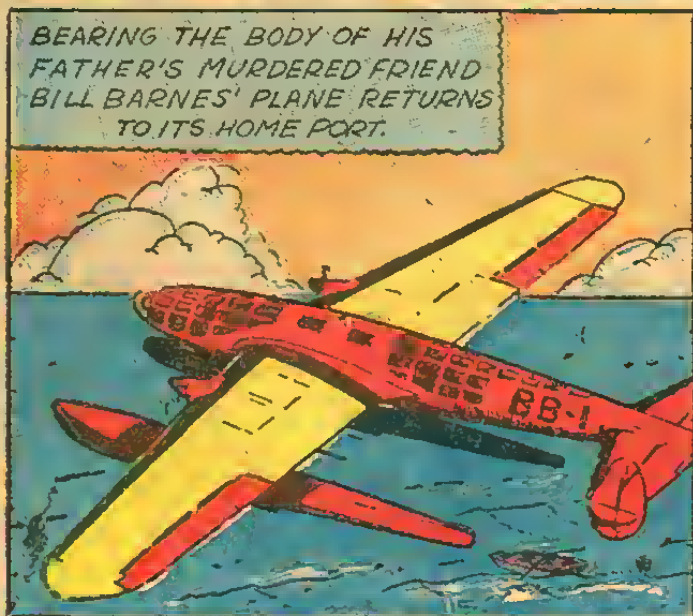
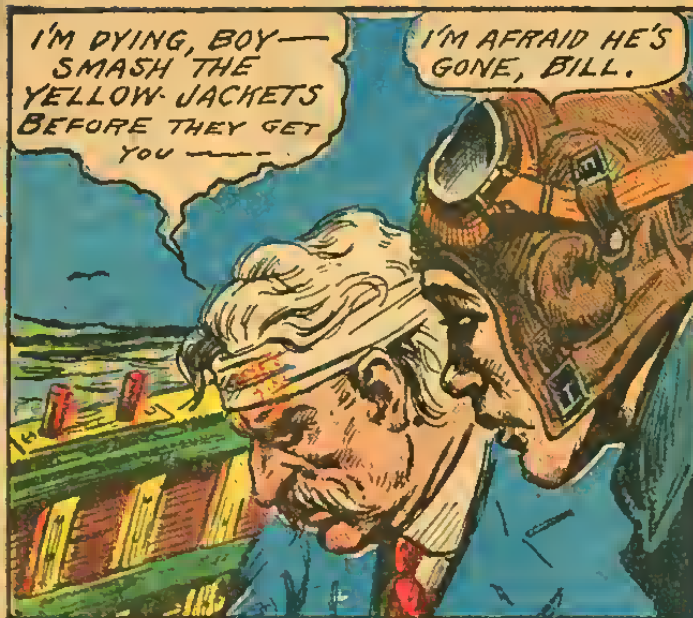
LET'S SEE HOW THEY'LL LIKE A BIT OF THEIR OWN MEDICINE!













BILL'S  
PHONE CALL  
TO  
WASHINGTON  
HAS BEEN  
TAPPED!

THE  
"YELLOW-  
JACKETS"  
PREPARE TO  
STRIKE!

WE START AS SOON AS WE CAN  
GET THE SHIPS SERVICED.  
IF WE HOP OFF AT DAYBREAK,  
WE SHOULD REACH MANTIGO  
BY THE FOLLOWING DAY.

WHEN DO  
WE START,  
BEEL?



BUT BILL IS UNAWARE THAT THE SINISTER,  
WORLD-WIDE WEB OF THE YELLOW-JACKETS  
HAS DETERMINED TO WIPE HIM OUT.  
DARKENED CARS ARRIVE AT AN OLD,  
ABANDONED MANSION NEAR BARNES FIELD.

HAVE YOU  
CONTACTED  
THE V-19  
YET, ULRICH?

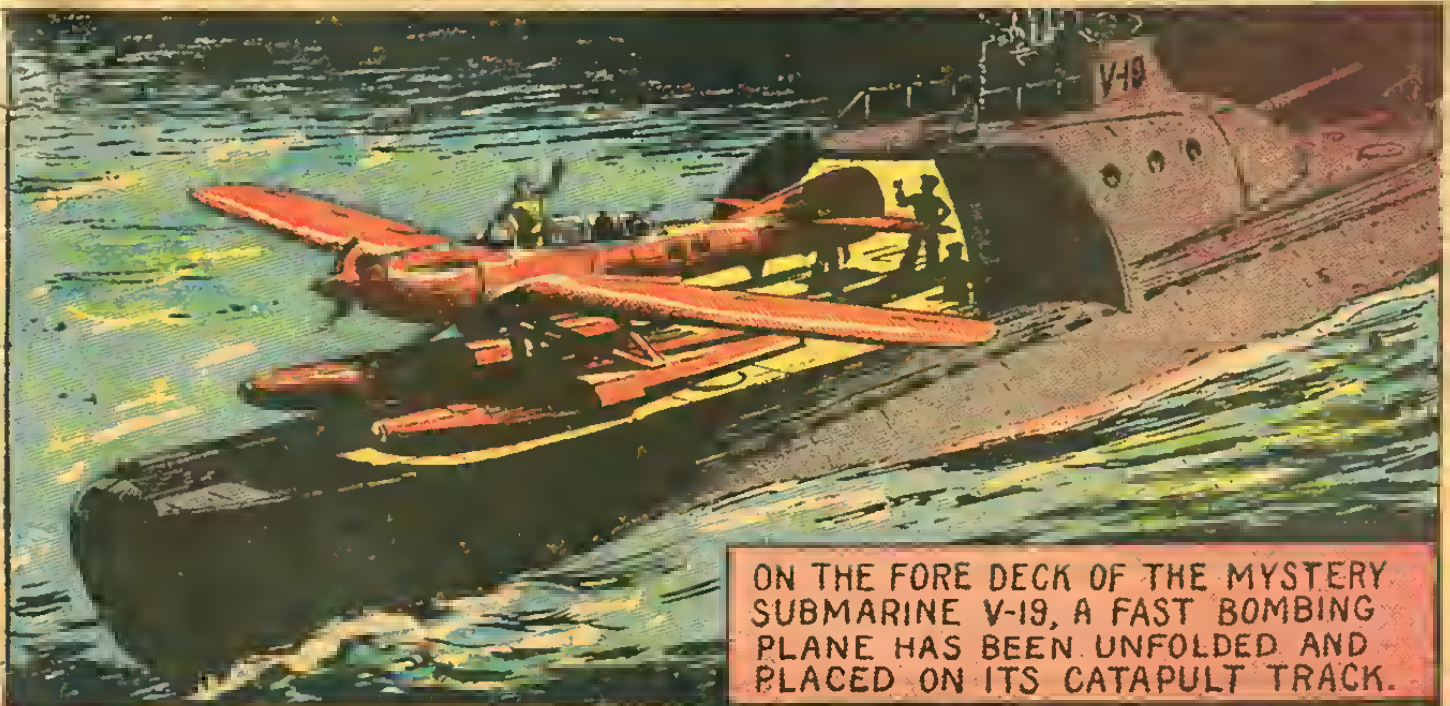
I AM DECODING  
A MESSAGE NOW  
SHE IS RISING  
TO THE  
SURFACE.

INSIDE THE OLD HOUSE

THE SHORE PARTY  
HAS RADIOED,  
SIR CAPTAIN.  
EVERYTHING IS  
IN READINESS.

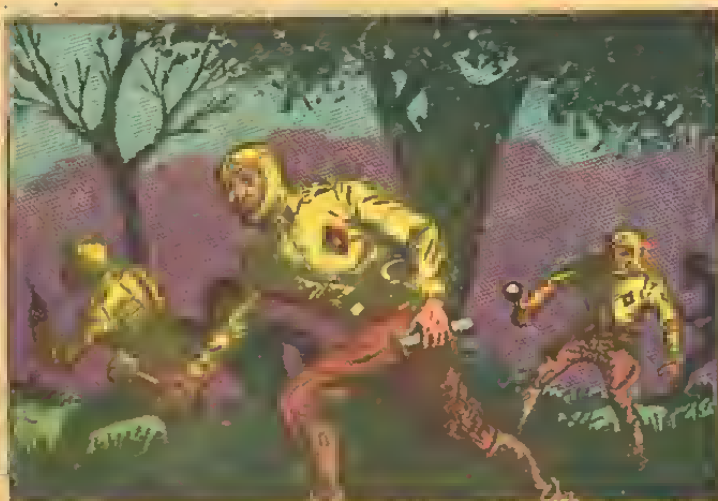
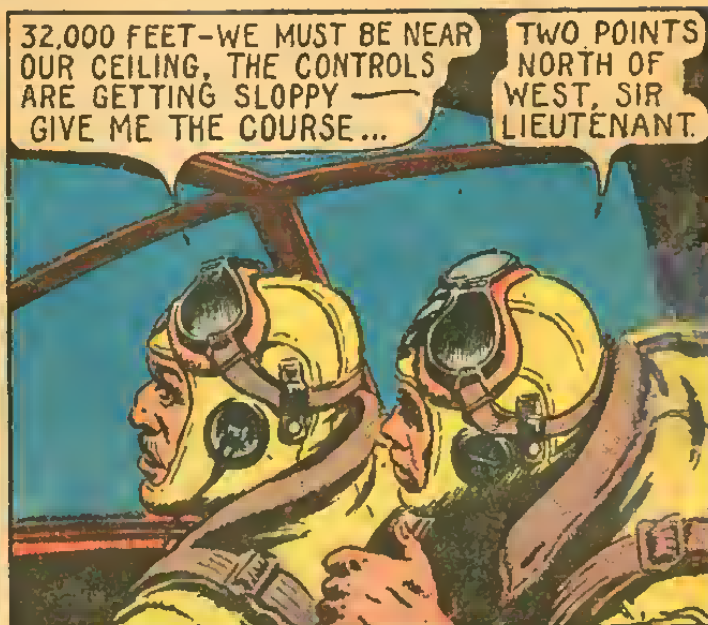
VERY GOOD  
LIEUTENANT,  
TAKE OFF AS  
SOON AS  
POSSIBLE.

A STRANGE CREATURE  
OF THE DEEP EMERGES  
FROM THE WATERS OF  
THE ATLANTIC OFF  
MONTAUK POINT!



ON THE FORE DECK OF THE MYSTERY  
SUBMARINE V-19, A FAST BOMBING  
PLANE HAS BEEN UNFOLDED AND  
PLACED ON ITS CATAPULT TRACK.





MEANWHILE, DARK FIGURES ARE SLINKING THROUGH THE UNDERBRUSH.... THEY CLOSE IN ON THE SIDE GATE OF BARNES FIELD ....



UNCONSCIOUS OF DANGER, ONE OF BILL BARNES' EX-MARINE GUARDS STEALS A QUICK SMOKE AS HE STANDS IDLY IN THE OPEN PORTAL ...

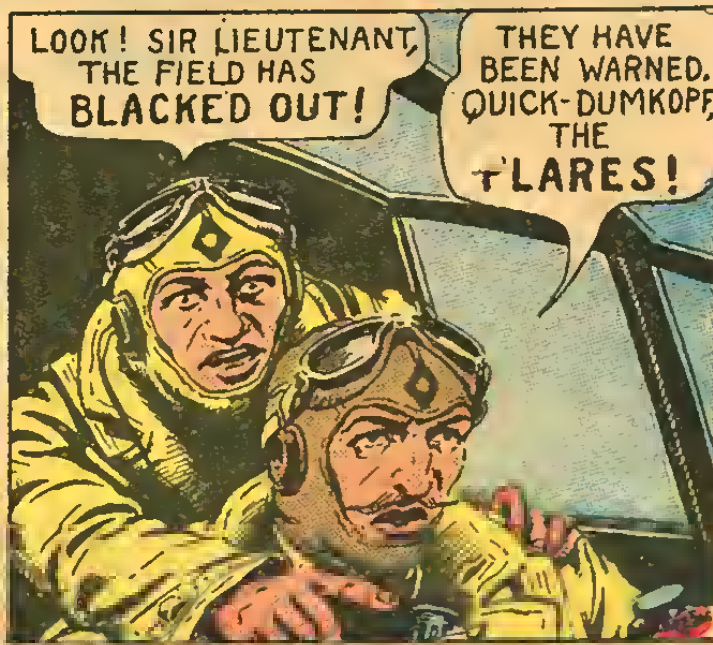
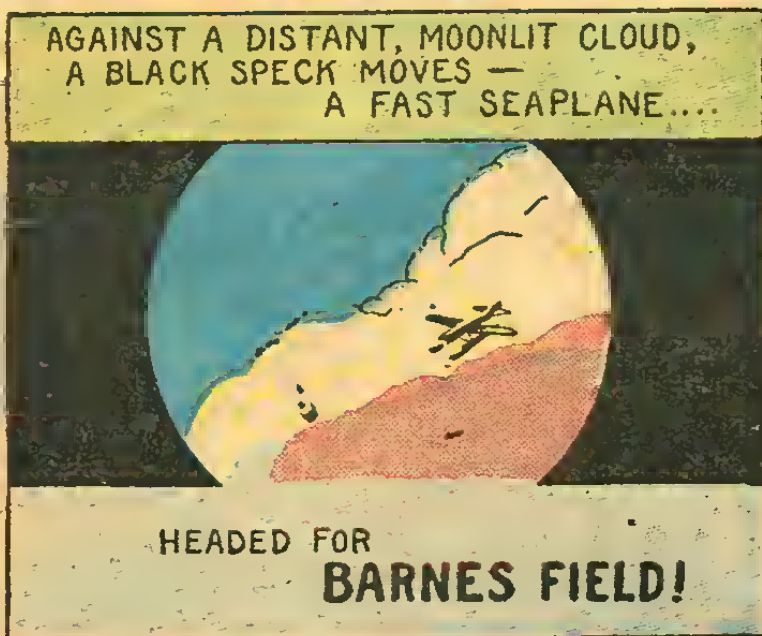
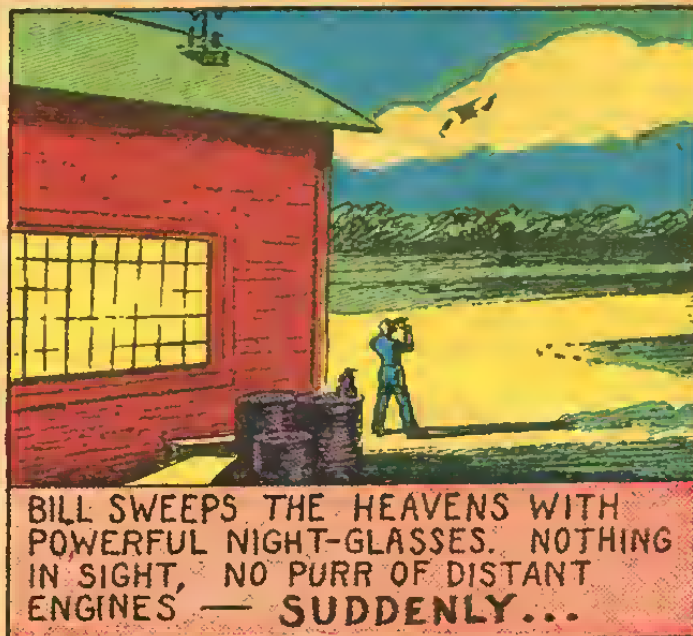
AS THE "YELLOW JACKETS" CLOSE IN ON BARNES FIELD, SANDY SANDERS SITS IN THE RADIO TOWER, IDLY TRYING TO DECODE A QUEER WIRELESS MESSAGE THAT TONY LAMPORT HAS ACCIDENTALLY PICKED UP.



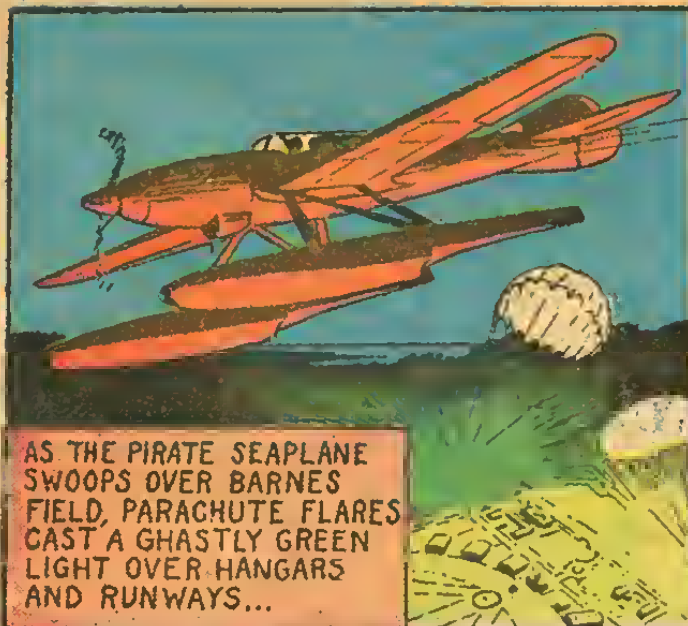
MAYBE WE'RE BEING SILLY, KID, BUT IF YOUR SOLUTION OF THIS MESSAGE IS ANYWHERE NEAR RIGHT—WE'D BETTER CALL BILL QUICK!







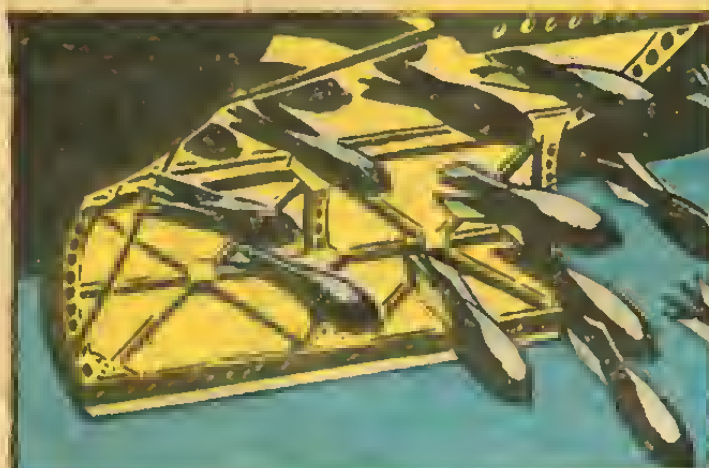




THE PIRATE SEAPLANE CIRCLES AND HEADS BACK TOWARD THE BARNES HANGARS.



THE BOMBER PEERS THROUGH HIS SIGHTS...



A SHOWER OF TINY THERMITE BOMBS POURS FROM THE OPEN BELLY OF THE SEAPLANE.

RUSHING FROM HANGAR TO HANGAR, BILL BARNES ROARS HURRIED ORDERS.

RUN ALL PLANES INTO THE OPEN.

**QUICKLY!**



FIERCE CHEMICAL FIRES SPRING UP IN A HUNDRED PLACES AS THE THERMITE BOMBS EXPLODE AROUND THE HANGARS!



BILL BARNES IS UP AGAINST ONE OF THE WORLD'S MOST RUTHLESS GANGS. HOW HE RETALIATES FOR THE DESTRUCTION OF HIS AIRPORT AND PLANES IS TOLD IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF

**SHADOW COMICS**



# **ODD SPORT NOTES**

## **JOE DIMAGGIO**

-THE YANKEE "CLIPPER"  
HIT A TRIPLE IN HIS  
FIRST TIME AT BAT IN  
THE PACIFIC COAST  
LEAGUE AND A TRIPLE  
IN HIS FIRST "AT BAT"  
IN THE AMERICAN  
LEAGUE!

GOSH--  
FELLERS--

## **QUICKEST K.O.**

WILLIE JACKSON KNOCKED  
OUT JOHNNY DUNDEE...  
WITH ONE PUNCH!

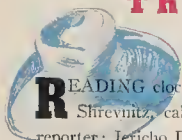
WHEN ST. LOUIS FANS  
PUT ON A BOOSTER DAY  
FOR TERRY MOORE--  
CARD OUTFIELDER-- TWO  
TRUCKS WERE NEEDED  
TO CARRY THE PRESENTS  
FROM THE PARK ..

WHILTON WILLIAMS WAS PRACTICING HIS  
STROKES BY DRIVING GOLF BALLS AGAINST A WALL  
40 YDS. AWAY... ONE BALL BOUNCED BACK AND KNOCKED HIM COLD





## The Shadow and his Agents



**R**EADING clockwise from The Shadow, they are Moe Shirevitz, cab driver; Clyde Burke, star newspaper reporter; Jericho Druke, giant Negro; Cliff Marsland, disguised as gangster; Burbank, The Shadow's contact man; Harry Vincent, chief aide of The Shadow; and Hawkeye, The Shadow's expert spotter.

The Shadow, scourge of the underworld, weird creature of the night, whose chilling laugh is the bane of criminals the world over—the exploits of this amazing crime fighter and his agents appear in each issue of

